

# IN PARIS

AN ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK  
FOR VISITORS TO PARIS IN THE  
YEAR 1900, BY R. S. McQUOID



L. C. PAGE

Boston  
1900





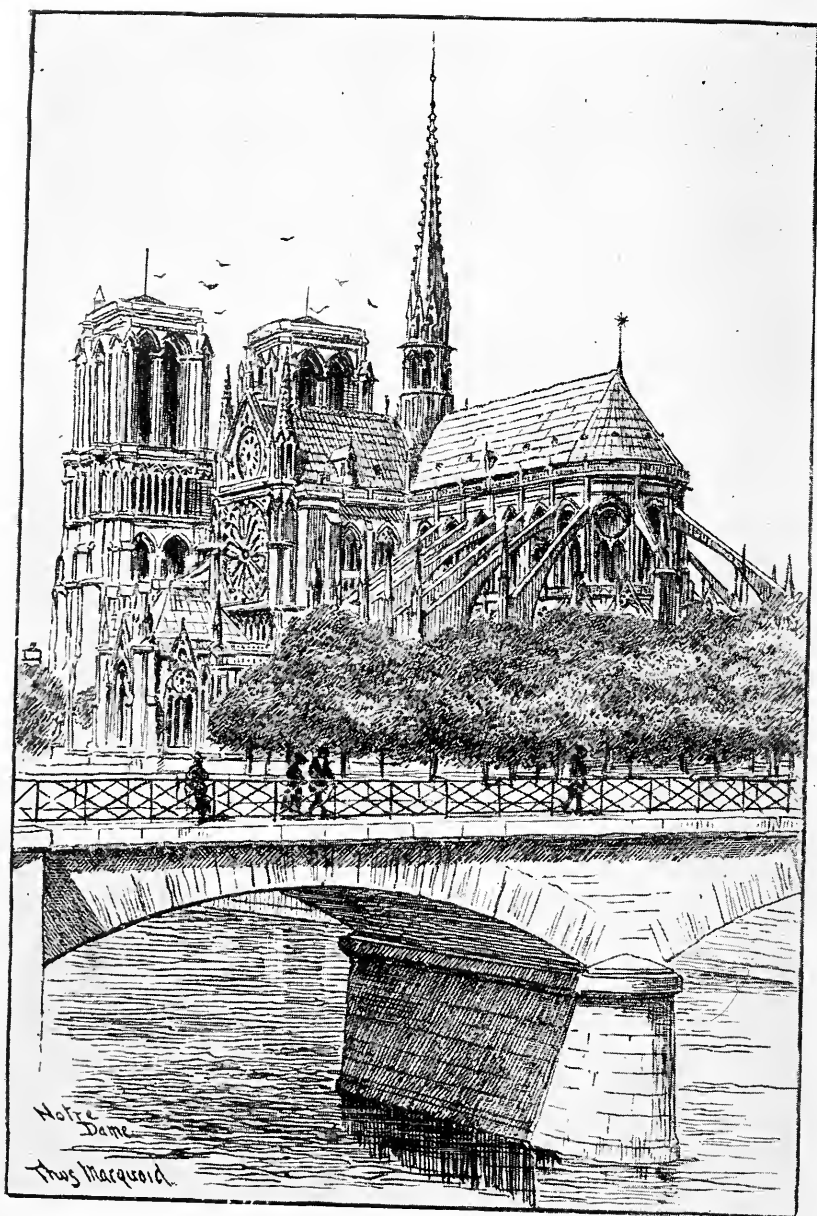


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A HANDBOOK FOR VISITORS TO PARIS  
IN THE YEAR 1900







THE APSE OF NOTRE DAME.



# IN PARIS

A Handbook for Visitors to Paris  
in the Year 1900

By  
Katharine S. and Gilbert S. MacQuoid

*With Twelve Illustrations by*  
Thomas R. MacQuoid, R. I.

*And Two Maps*



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TO OUR DEAR FRIEND

THE REV. EDWARD HUNTINGFORD, D.C.L.

HON. CANON OF WINCHESTER

## NOTE

THIS little book only touches on a few of the more notable buildings and scenes in and around Paris. It is chiefly intended for those to whom the French capital is unknown, and who have but a short time to spend there. The book is not in any way a complete guide to the wonderful cosmopolitan city.

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# IN PARIS

## CHAPTER I.

### FROM LONDON TO PARIS BY NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE

FRENCHMEN, and more especially Parisians, can do some things better than any other people can do them, and among these things is a Great or Universal Exhibition. The good people of Paris have a native talent for these gigantic shows. Their strong artistic faculty, their industry and taste, their resource and ingenuity, added to their instinctive sense of, and their cleverness in developing, magnificent effects,—all these faculties help to crown with success such an undertaking as a Universal Exhibition.

Except in rainy weather, Paris is always gay and fascinating, and it attracts the eyes of all other nations, sometimes in admiring wonder, sometimes in fear and apprehension for the peace of the world.

In this year 1900 the cosmopolitan city invites us all the world over, to visit her enormous Universal Exhibition, which for spaciousness, variety, and

magnificence, will surpass every show of this description which she has ever before provided.

If peace prevails among the nations, this great Exhibition of 1900 should prove an unbounded success; and it will make Paris, for that time, the great centre for all who are interested in artistic display or scientific progress.

Our brilliant, witty, paradoxical, and excitable neighbours will this year more than ever attract all eyes towards their seductive capital; and people on pleasure bent, from the British Isles, trusting in the proverbial welcome given them by the French nation, will travel in countless numbers to see this marvellous Exhibition, and the beautiful city in which it stands. Without doubt, very many persons will this year go for the first time to Paris; and this little book has been written chiefly to give new visitors some idea of the truly wonderful city, and of several of her surroundings.

And first the intending traveller asks, "Which is the best way of reaching the gay city?"

For those who do not object to a little extra sea, the shortest route from London, the cheapest, and the most interesting, is that by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, *viâ* Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen.

The services *viâ* Newhaven and Dieppe have during recent years been entirely rearranged, and now a fast train leaves Victoria and London Bridge Stations every morning at 10 a.m. for Newhaven Harbour.

When we arrived beside the harbour quay we

stepped from the railway carriage on to the deck of the roomy and luxuriously fitted steamer, the *Sussex*, built by Denny of Dumbarton, which started for Dieppe as soon as the luggage was on board, and arrived there in about three hours and a quarter. The deck cabins on the *Sussex* are delightful, so airy and thoroughly well-fitted; they enable even an invalid to cross the Channel in comfort. The whole journey is most enjoyable, and the view from the steamer of the coast and town of Dieppe is worth going to see.

At Dieppe the Paris train is waiting close to the landing-place at the new quay station, built specially for the Paris Exhibition traffic; the train is timed to start soon after 3.30 p.m., and to reach Paris at a few minutes before 7 p.m., so that the whole journey is now made from London in less than nine hours.

The night service leaves Victoria at 8.50 p.m., and London Bridge at 9 p.m., arriving in Paris at 7.15 the following morning. The day service carries only first and second class passengers; the night boats have also a third class service. Fares from London to Paris are: first class, single, £1 14s. 7d.; second, £1 5s. 7d.; third, 18s. 7d.; return tickets, available for one month, first class, £2 18s. 3d.; second, £2 2s. 3d.; third, £1 13s. 3d.; and during the period of the Exhibition return tickets will be issued every Friday and Saturday night, available for fourteen days, at the following fares: first class, £1 19s. 3d.; second, £1 10s. 3d.; third, £1 6s.

The entire distance by this route is just under 250 miles, and besides being the shortest way, the

land journey on the French side is far more attractive than that by way of Calais or Boulogne.

What an amusing change it is, after the dull and staid London stations, to arrive, during the travelling season, at sparkling, bustling Dieppe! How excited and vociferous are the *facteurs* and men in blouses on the quay, as the steamer gradually comes to rest beside it! What a chattering and screaming! and sometimes the attempts to throw a line on board are rather wild.

We land, and are marshalled to the large room on the quay, between the steamer and the railway carriages; for here our hand packages must be marked with chalk by the military-looking custom-house officers, aided by a brown-faced elderly dame in black. How eager the passengers look as they struggle forward to get first chance! and how polite are the officials, especially when one of them deprecatingly suggests that such or such a bag should be opened: but the search is over in a minute, and the contents are felt with a skilful and delicate touch. There is no need to be either eager or anxious; everyone has his or her turn, and the train never starts until all its passengers are safe in their carriages. Those who are going on to Paris have, of course, registered their luggage to that city, and it will not be examined till the train arrives there. If, however, we mean to stay a day or so in Dieppe we must pass on into another large room, where trunks, bicycles, etc., are passed by the officials. And then, when we seat ourselves in the train, drawn up beside the quay, we look out of the further windows, and get fresh enter-

tainment. Bronzed, merry-faced girls clamber up the carriage steps and, rapping at the windows if they are up, show us baskets filled with fine fruit—grapes, peaches, and pears. Boys, grinning from ear to ear, and full of excitement, offer all sorts of amusing newspapers with coloured illustrations. Passers-by pause in their walk—for the train starts through a street—to watch the arrivals from England. The whole scene is full of gaiety, colour, and brightness.

At last, after various squeaks, horn-blowings, and whistles, the train slowly starts on its way through the lively town; there is much waving of hats and hands, a screaming of *au revoir*, and in a few minutes we find ourselves steaming along between the graceful silver birch trees, the green meadows, the grazing cattle, and fruit-laden orchards of Normandy.

Those travellers who can spare a few days will find a short stay in Dieppe, in the season, both interesting and amusing. The large hotels on the Plage, such as the "Royal," the "Français," the "Métropole et des Bains," and the "Grand," are expensive but comfortable; more reasonable quarters can be found if the traveller avoids the sea frontage. The Hôtel du Commerce is really good and moderate in tariff, the only disadvantage being its position on the Place Nationale, where a large and thronged market is held twice a week, and a small one every day. Now, though a French market is extremely picturesque and amusing, it is also very noisy, and it begins very early. The Hôtel de Paris, near the theatre, is rather more expensive than the "Commerce,"

but it is cheaper than any of the large hotels on the Plage. The "Soleil d'Or" is also inexpensive, and is quietly situated at the beginning of the Rouen road; there is also the "Chariot d'Or" in the High Street.

The Casino and Bathing Establishment of Dieppe are on a large scale. The Casino is about the finest on the coast. The bathing is good and safe, for it is not allowed when there would be any risk attending it. When bathing is permitted, a flag flies from a tall pole, and if one does not bathe it is extremely amusing on a fine summer's day to watch the crowd of bathers. The massive castle with its picturesque brick tower, once a chapel, looks down on the town from a cliff near the Casino. The original castle was built by Charlemagne, but this one has interesting associations. The famous merchant Ango, when ruined and broken-hearted, died here. Here, too, Henri Quatre took refuge during the wars of the League. It is interesting to remember that till the time of Richard the Lion-Heart, Dieppe belonged to the English. Our warlike king had, however, determined to build Château Gaillard on the rock near Les Andelys, south of Rouen, and he persuaded Philip Augustus to cede him this rock on which to build his "saucy castle" in exchange for the town of Dieppe.

On the Place Nationale is a statue of the famous Admiral Duquesne, a native of Dieppe, and at one end stands the cathedral church of St. Jacques. This is a striking and picturesque building in various styles,



ST. JACQUES, DIEPPE.





from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. From the Place Nationale we come to the Quai Duquesne and to the fish-market, a special feature of Dieppe, where every day great quantities of fish—splendid turbot, large soles, enormous conger eels, red mullet, mackerel, rouget, langouste, scallops, hake, mussels, etc.—are sold by auction as they are brought on shore from the boats close by. The costume of the fishwomen is still characteristic, though the famous and picturesque houses of that part of the town inhabited by fisher-folk, and called Le Pollet, have been almost cleared away to make room for modern improvements. Groups of old women sitting outside the market with their baskets make a very quaint corner.

When our artist began to sketch one of these old dames, a handsome, modern-looking girl came up and remonstrated. "Monsieur wastes his time," she said coolly; "he should not paint that ugly old good-for-nothing. Draw someone, monsieur, who is younger and better-looking—me, for example."

Thanks to the wanton bombardment of the town by the English at the end of the seventeenth century, Dieppe contains scarcely any ancient buildings, except the grand old castle and the churches of St. Jacques and St. Remy. The High Street is quite modern, but has many well-filled and tasteful shops; several of them display the terra-cotta figures of fisher-folk, and the lovely carved ivory ware for which Dieppe has long been noted. There is also pretty lace made here.

Apart from its own attractions Dieppe is a good

centre, and many interesting places lie close at hand. The nearest is the pretty little bathing-place of Puys, rather more than two miles to the north-east by road; it is nearer by the shore. Puys lies in a charming and well-wooded valley; it has a fine hotel, but the terms are high. On the cliffs just beyond Puys is a very remarkable and perfectly preserved formation called le Camp de César, or la Cité des Limes. It is spacious, extending to nearly 140 acres; the shape appears to be triangular—two sides formed by large mounds and the third side made by the waving, precipitous cliff-line; the whole is covered with turf. This camp was once supposed to be Roman, but is now thought to be the work of the Gauls. The coast road beyond Puys is full of charm and variety, and leads through the pretty villages of Bracquemont and Belle Ville to Berneval; another interesting village and bathing-place, rather more than ten kilometres, or six miles, from Dieppe.

A delightful excursion is to the old Château d'Arques, about four miles inland from Dieppe. The castle stands on a hill some height above the smiling valley of the river Arques; part of it was built in 1040 by William of Arques, to whom his nephew the Conqueror had given the land. The end of the castle nearest the town of Arques, though ruined, has still some habitable rooms; this part forms the entrance, and was rebuilt in the time of Francis I. The caretakers live in what served as the kitchen, and is still put to that use. The little chapel is close by. Not far from this is a subterranean passage communicating with the Castle of Dieppe, and further on is another

underground burrow, said to go as far as the Castle of Mesnières, a distance of about fourteen miles. In 1689 the Battle of Arques was fought here between Henri Quatre and Mayenne; Henri having 4,000 and Mayenne 30,000 men. The round tower, with a slender ash tree in its midst, rooted in the ruined grey stonework, is called Tour du Canon. It is said that from this tower the guns were fired which worked such havoc in the ranks of the Leaguers. Lodged in the wall close by, may still be seen one of the cannon balls fired by Mayenne. On the hill across the valley is the column erected in memory of this famous battle.

It is said that owing to its strength and its inaccessible position the Château d'Arques was never taken by force. At the further end from the entrance are considerable remains of the old walls and towers built by William of Arques.

Near the old part, in a cellar, now far underground, are skulls and bones of great size, said to be those of horses which were killed and eaten about the year 1053 when the castle was besieged by William Duke of Normandy, afterwards the Conqueror.

To the west of Dieppe a fine bit of up-and-down road leads to the pleasant bathing-place of Pourville, some three miles along the coast. A mile or two beyond this lies the pretty, straggling village of Varengeville. Close by is the grand old Manoir d'Ango, built by the wealthy ship-owner Jean d'Ango, 1530-42, for his country house; his town house was in the Rue Ango in Dieppe, where is now the college. It was at this great country *manoir* that Jean

d'Ango entertained Francis I. and other grandees. We were shown the long room on the first floor, called the Salle des Fêtes, where the wealthy merchant used to receive his guests. The house forms a large quadrangle surrounding a spacious court, at one end of which there is a very quaint circular dove-house in red brick and flint stone.

At a corner of the house, at one end of the Salle des Fêtes, rises a tower up which a winding staircase leads to fine views of the surrounding country. We were told that Jean d'Ango loved to go to the top of this tower and watch his ships on the sea outside Dieppe; trees now intercept the view of the sea, though we fancied that a glimmer of water showed among the foliage. Some way beyond the Manoir d'Ango we saw the exquisitely placed church and churchyard of Varengeville.

Cyclists will find Dieppe and its neighbourhood a paradise; there are, in all directions, miles and miles of almost perfect road surfaces, the gradients are generally easy, and the country is most interesting, while last, but not least, snarling curs are few and far between.

The scenery between Dieppe and Rouen is delightful, like a pretty bit of England, and yet different; the elms and the birches are sligher and more graceful, the trees in the numerous orchards are more heavily laden with many-coloured fruit. But as we near Rouen the country, though hilly and romantic, is disfigured by large factories and tall chimneys; there is, however, one beautiful glimpse of the spires and towers of Rouen before the city is reached.

Of course everyone who does not know Rouen, and who cares at all for mediæval architecture and historic association, should stay a couple of days in the old Norman town. No finer Gothic architecture is to be found in France than that which exists in this most interesting city, so beautifully placed on the lovely River Seine.

Rouen, just under forty miles from Dieppe, is reached in little more than an hour. Hotels at Rouen are rather expensive; the Hôtel de la Poste is about the best. It is impossible here to give any adequate idea of Rouen; it contains so very much to interest, especially an English traveller. The principal wonders of the town are the exquisitely beautiful church of St. Ouen, perhaps the most lovely example of fourteenth century Gothic in existence; the grand old cathedral, with its marvellous rich and picturesque west front, and the remarkable Tour de St. Romain; the little gem of stonework called St. Maclou; the elaborately and delicately sculptured Palais de Justice, late fifteenth century work; the very quaint belfry and gateway called Tour de la Grosse Horloge, fourteenth century; there is also the grey old Hôtel Bourghéroude with its exquisite bas-reliefs in marble, and its elegant hexagonal tower. Close by is the Place de la Pucelle, where it is popularly supposed that Joan of Arc was burned in 1431 before her English and French judges, though the exact spot whereon this shameful tragedy was enacted is disputed. Then there is the delightful walk up to Mont St. Cathérine, and the sumptuously decorated church of Notre

Dame du Bon Secours, about two miles out of Rouen. The views from this height are very fine, and, as climbing the hill one looks back, the stately city, the winding silver-grey river, and beautiful surrounding country make exquisite pictures. There is now a railway, but the walk is charming.

From Rouen the distance to Paris is about eighty-seven miles, and this is covered by the fast trains in little more than two hours.

Nearly forty miles beyond Rouen is Vernon, an interesting town finely placed on the broad Seine in the midst of delightful scenery; there is a handsome church here, begun in the twelfth century and finished later; there is also a tower in Vernon said to have been built by our King Henry I.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, ETC., IN PARIS

AS the train rushes towards Paris, if it is bright weather, we see the huge city glittering in the sunshine, and as we enter it fresh from England our attention is called to the whiteness and loftiness of the houses, the clearness of the air, and the general brightness and glare.

From Dieppe, Le Havre, and Rouen the trains run into Paris at the Gare St. Lazare, a vast station of considerable architectural pretensions. Close by

are the great Boulevard Haussmann, the magnificent new Opera House, the famous Boulevards des Capucines and des Italiens, and the church of the Madeleine.

From Calais and Boulogne the trains arrive at the Nord Station, another great and striking building, near the Rue de la Fayette, and more than a mile to the north-east of the Gare St. Lazare.

On leaving the train the first thing to do is to show bags and other hand packages to the *octroi* men in uniform standing near the doors; then call a cab from among those waiting outside, and note its number. The registered luggage must be passed before the custom-house officers in the Salle des Bagages, and a porter should be secured to take the trunks to the cab; the said porter's expectations of reward will astonish the new-comer.

As we drive along the crowded, spacious streets we are struck by the loftiness and uniformity of the houses, the width and straight lines of the chief thoroughfares, the tree-bordered boulevards, the grand proportions of the public buildings, and the vivacity and excitement of the people. There is, however, a look of sameness in most of these handsome new streets, and an absence of originality; the picturesque element is wanting in the numerous lines of lofty white buildings. Except on the boulevards, where the trees in summer give shade and variety, the universal glare of white is monotonous and trying to the eyes. One longs for an occasional relief of red or yellow brickwork.

Paris must now contain considerably over two

millions and a half of people; in 1898 there were more than this number. The city stands upon about twenty thousand acres of ground. The proportion of foreigners in Paris is large; there are about two hundred thousand.

The area of Paris is not nearly so vast as that of London, but the far greater height of Parisian houses, and the almost universal custom there of the flat system of residence, lodges a proportionately greater number of persons in a smaller space.

Of all European cities Paris is perhaps the best off as to ways and means for lodging visitors. Hotels, restaurants, and cafés of every description abound; there are besides numerous boarding-houses; flats, rooms, and houses, either furnished or unfurnished, may be hired by the week or month. In this year 1900 there will, of course, be increased accommodation to house the millions who crowd to the Great Exhibition.

Paris may be considered a healthy place of residence; its drainage system has been most thoroughly looked after of recent years; a visit to the sewers is one of the sights of Paris. There is a copious supply of water from the Seine, the Marne, the Ourcq Canal, and from Artesian wells and springs.

The range of temperature in Paris is greater than it is in London, and extends from over 100° Fahrenheit in summer to 14° below zero in winter. The mean temperature throughout the year is about 51° Fahrenheit. Considerably less rain falls there than in London; the average fall in a year is about 19½ inches



About a third of the inhabitants are born in Paris, the rest are provincials and foreigners. The city is divided into twenty arrondissements, each presided over by a mayor, with three or four assistants. It used to be said that the streets of Paris were well kept, but the city now seems to be behind London in this respect. In Paris, the morning sweeping of the pavement appears to be the duty of each householder, though early risers will sometimes see an ancient chiffonnier or chiffonnière at work first of all; the municipal authorities have, however, taken over this work in consideration of the payment of a tax, and for the rest of the day the expense has to be borne by the municipality.

In choosing an hotel the traveller will be guided by the size of his purse. The principal hotels, it may be said most of those in the fashionable quarter, are excellent, but they are also expensive. The charges are chiefly governed by situation. In the neighbourhood of the great boulevards, the Champs Elysées, the Opera House, the Louvre, the good hotels are all expensive; and during the period of the Great Exhibition, the hotels near the gigantic show will, of course, command extra prices. The Grand Hotel, on the Boulevard des Capucines, near the Opera; the Hôtel Continental, in the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the Tuileries Gardens; the Hôtel du Louvre, also in the Rue de Rivoli, and lying between the Palais Royal and the Palace of the Louvre; and, more out of the way, the Hôtel Moderne, in the Place de la République, and the Hôtel Terminus communicating with the Gare St. Lazare; these are

all large establishments containing hundreds of rooms, where the expense amounts, if meals be taken in the hotel, to about 20 francs a day and upwards, according to the position of the bedroom.

There are several smaller hotels, which are, if anything, more expensive: Hôtel Windsor, Hôtel Brighton, Hôtel Wagram, and others in the Rue de Rivoli; the Hôtel Bristol and the Hôtel du Rhin in the Place Vendôme; the Hôtel Mirabeau, in the Rue de la Paix.

In the Champs Elysées there are several English hotels: the Imperial Hotel, in the Rue Christophe Colomb; the Hôtel Campbell, in the Avenue de Friedland; the Palace Hotel in the Avenue des Champs Elysées; the Langham Hotel, in the Rue Boccador; these, also, are expensive.

The tariff is more moderate at the Hôtel Lille et d'Albion, in the Rue St. Honoré, much resorted to by English people, and also English in its menu; the Hôtel du Helder, in the street of the same name, near the Opera (there is a good restaurant at this hotel); the Hôtel Louvois, in the Place du Louvois, leading out of the Rue de Richelieu. This last is a very comfortable and reasonable hotel; the rooms are small, but the situation is quiet and central. At ordinary times the expenses at the Louvois amount to 14 or 15 francs a day, comprising rooms, meals (in which wine is included), and attendance. We can also fully recommend for comfortable rooms and attention the little Hôtel St. Romain, Nos. 5 and 7 Rue St. Roch. Here rooms may be had from 3 to 10 francs a day, according to the floor and size.

The position is most central, within a few yards of the Rue de Rivoli, and from the front windows one has a peep of the Tuileries Gardens at the end of the Rue St. Roch. The cooking is good, but the *salle à manger* is very small.

The tariff is still lower at the Hôtel de Paris, in the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre ; the Hôtel Voltaire, on the Quai Voltaire, on the south bank of the Seine, opposite the Tuileries ; at the Hôtel Britannique, in the Avenue Victoria, close to the Hôtel de Ville ; at the Hôtel Villa Beaujon, Rue Balzac ; in the Cité Bergère, No. 34 Rue Bergère, the Hôtel Bergère is said to be very reasonable. At many of the hotels wine is included in the price of table d'hôte both at luncheon, or *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and dinner.

But after all, the best way to manage in Paris, both for time and money, is to choose a fairly good, but not too cheap, hotel, and then take all or nearly all one's meals, except the *petit déjeuner* (of coffee, rolls and butter), at one of the many restaurants for which, as well as for its cafés, the gay city is especially famous. Hotel-keepers do not, as a rule, object to this, as it has become more or less a habit, for visitors whose time is limited, to take their meals away from their hotel. The visitor should always inquire the price of a bedroom and the tariff of meals, etc., before making arrangements to stay at an hotel ; it is wiser, when possible, to do this before leaving England ; at any rate, it should be done on first arriving at the hotel. The traveller should lock the door of his room when he leaves it, and either hang his key on the key-board, or

give it in charge of the porter, or concierge, of his hotel.

The price of furnished lodgings is lower in summer than it is in winter. A furnished room may be hired in a good situation, in winter, for 80 to 120 francs a month; but on the south side of the Seine, in the Quartier Latin, a room can be had at about half these prices. Paris is particularly well supplied with comestible shops—shops in which the tastefully arranged variety of cooked food of every kind is enough to provoke an appetite. Cold fowls, ham, tongue, lobsters, and collared eel in sparkling heaps of aspic jelly, with crystals of ice close by, prawns, galantines, and other truffled dishes, cutlets and salads, tomatoes and grapes, look very tempting, and usually everything is of the best quality. Some articles are dearer, some are cheaper, than with us; on the whole, however, food costs less in Paris than it does in London.

So long as the food is uncooked, no one can doubt that fish, flesh, and fowl can all be had of better quality in England than in France; but, alas! although our raw material is so good, the most dogged Briton will scarcely maintain, with any reasonable force of conviction, that as a nation we know how to cook the excellent food which our country produces (though we very well know how to “put it away” when a Frenchman has cooked it); no, the most patriotic among us cannot truthfully affirm that we shine in the science of cookery; a very important science in many ways beyond that of mere palate-tickling. Probably wife-beating would

be greatly diminished if English wives of the poorer class knew how to prepare a well-cooked and appetising meal for their hard-working husbands. Let us say, the French want more of our raw material, and we want to learn their cookery.

It has been remarked that this art has declined in Paris ; but even as it is, it leaves England far behind. And these exquisite dishes are not only admirably cooked, they are so daintily served. If the traveller should be delicate or extra tired, he says overnight that the *petit déjeuner* is to be sent at such an hour to his room. There is rarely an additional charge for this, and where there is, it is trifling, for it is a Parisian custom. When the waiter comes in with the tray, how tempting are the dainty rolls, the butter, the fragrant coffee, and excellent milk ! How snowy white the napery and serviettes !

Breakfast over, we go out into the gay streets, glittering with sunshine, and we find plenty to amuse us ; the morning flies while we begin to explore the city, or betake ourselves to the Great Exhibition ; then, between eleven and twelve, appetising odours are wafted to us and remind us of our *déjeuner à la fourchette*. There will certainly be plenty of good restaurants in the Exhibition itself ; at any rate there are plenty in the city.

At the best restaurants the meals are served *à la carte*, that is to say, the customer orders from the bill of fare, or menu, and is charged separately for each dish. Leading restaurants of this description are, on the great boulevards, the Café Anglais and the Maison Doré, both on the Boulevard des Italiens

(these are very expensive); on the Boulevard des Capucines there are Restaurant du Grand Hotel, Restaurant du Grand Café; on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, Restaurant Aux Quatre Sergents; on the Boulevard Poissonnière, Restaurant de France and Restaurant Rougemont; on the Place de la Bourse is Champeaux, also expensive; and up a side street near the Capucines, Rue Daunou 22, is a restaurant named Vian, which is both good and reasonable in price. There are other restaurants where the meals are *à prix fixe*, that is, the price is so much per head for the meal, which price often includes wine. If one dines or lunches *à la carte* the portions are so plentiful that for two persons, unless appetite is large, it is better to order only one portion of each dish, and share; by this means a varied meal may be had at small expense. One caution may be given here to the untravelled Britisher: *hors d'œuvres*, such as anchovies, sardines, melon in slices, prawns, radishes, butter, etc., are usually offered while the *plats*, or dishes, are preparing; the frugal-minded traveller should beware of these temptations, which are often so carelessly offered that they appear to be given in with the meal; but when the bill is presented they will, if eaten, be found as items charged for. Besides the restaurants of which mention has been made there are very many others, and for those who like simple food and dainty cleanliness the Duval Etablissements de Bouillon, with black and gilded fronts, provide excellent meals *à la carte* at moderate prices. These establishments, where all the waitresses are respectable-looking women, were begun more than

forty years ago in a small way by the butcher Duval ; they are now, many of them, roomy, handsomely appointed eating - places in many parts of Paris. There is a good one 12 and 14 Rue du Havre, near the Gare St. Lazare ; others, perhaps better, 39 Boulevard des Capucines, 29 Boulevard des Italiens, 27 Boulevard de la Madeleine, 31 Avenue de l'Opéra, 194 Rue de Rivoli, 101 Boulevard de Magenta, and many more ; all are more or less good. There are now other Etablissements de Bouillon, but the Bouillons Duval are the best.

Cafés abound everywhere, and most of them supply beefsteaks, cutlets, cold meat, and eggs ; but cafés proper exist chiefly for the supply of drinks, from after *déjeuner* till all the world goes to the theatre, café-concert, or some other place of amusement in the evening. When we leave our restaurant we go and sit outside a café, say the Café de la Régence, opposite the Théâtre Français, celebrated as a resort of chess-players. Within, the men sit reading their newspapers, while in the background others play billiards ; at some of the smaller tables they are playing dominoes or chess, sometimes cards. The refreshments drunk at the cafés are coffee, chocolate, occasionally tea, ices, beer, absinthe, which last is diluted by pouring iced water slowly over a lump of sugar in a spoon ; this seems a very popular drink in the afternoon at what they call the absinthe hour. Some of the men at the little tables outside drink neat brandy, others curaçao, bitters, chartreuse, vermouth, kirsch, menthe or peppermint (which

seems popular in many forms), kummel, rum, prunelle. Some ladies close by are talking very fast about toilettes; while one of them drinks beer, another sucks iced lemonade through straws; the rest drink syrup and water, grenadine made from plums, and orgeat, a syrup made from barley flavoured with almonds. The numerous brasseries, which are often crowded, are chiefly for the supply of beer.

There are many open wine-shops, but these mostly supply the lower classes. There are also *crémeries* for the sale of milk, cream, and butter. One need never go thirsty in Paris; yet, with all these facilities, drunkenness is nothing like so frequent as it is in London.

We leave our comfortable shady seat outside the café, and stroll along till we are forced to stand still, fascinated by the window display of a confectioner; its dainty-looking pastries, the beauty of its fruit and cream tartlets, and their variety must be a revelation to anyone who has not before travelled abroad. Besides these we see numbers of chocolate and delicious sweetmeat shops. French chocolate and French fondants are of course world-famous.

Then there are the fruit shops, and these in hot weather make one's mouth water! Such pears! such peaches from Montreuil! plums and apricots, along with huge orange-coloured melons, and refreshing sweet-water grapes from the neighbourhood of Fontainebleau.

Paris is extremely well provided with every kind of shop, and the goods are nearly always tastefully



displayed in the windows. The two great shopping places for ladies are the Grands Magasins du Louvre, in the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the Louvre, and the Bon Marché in the Rue du Bac, on the south side of the Seine, between the Invalides and the Luxembourg. Besides these on the Boulevard Haussmann we find Les Magasins du Printemps.

It is said that nearly 2,500 newspapers and periodicals are published in Paris.

Six railways run into or about Paris—the North Railway, station near the Boulevard de Magenta and the Rue de la Fayette; the Eastern Railway, with two stations—the Gare de l'Est, near the Gare du Nord, and the Gare de Vincennes on the Place de la Bastille; the West of France Railway has also two stations—the Gare St. Lazare, near the Boulevard Haussmann, and the Gare Montparnasse, a little south-west of the Luxembourg Gardens; the Orleans Railway, with two stations—the Gare d'Orleans on the south side of the Seine, near the Austerlitz Bridge, and the Gare du Luxembourg, near the Boulevard St. Michel; the Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, with its Gare de Lyon on the Boulevard Diderot, not far from the Seine; and the Chemin de Fer de Petite Ceinture, a railway which runs right round Paris just inside the fortifications. A new station has been built in the Esplanade des Invalides, connecting with the Champ de Mars. An excellent general view of Paris is to be had from the upper series of seats on this Ceinture Railway, which for a very small cost takes one round the city in an hour. There

are endless omnibuses, many tramway lines, and numerous river steamboats.

Besides all these there are plenty of victorias, small open carriages, with seats for two, or for three by putting up the small folding seat, which can be hired by the drive or by time. The tariff card is always within the vehicle. By the drive the fare is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  francs anywhere within the fortifications, with 25 centimes as a *pourboire* for the driver. The drivers with the white hats are said to be the best.

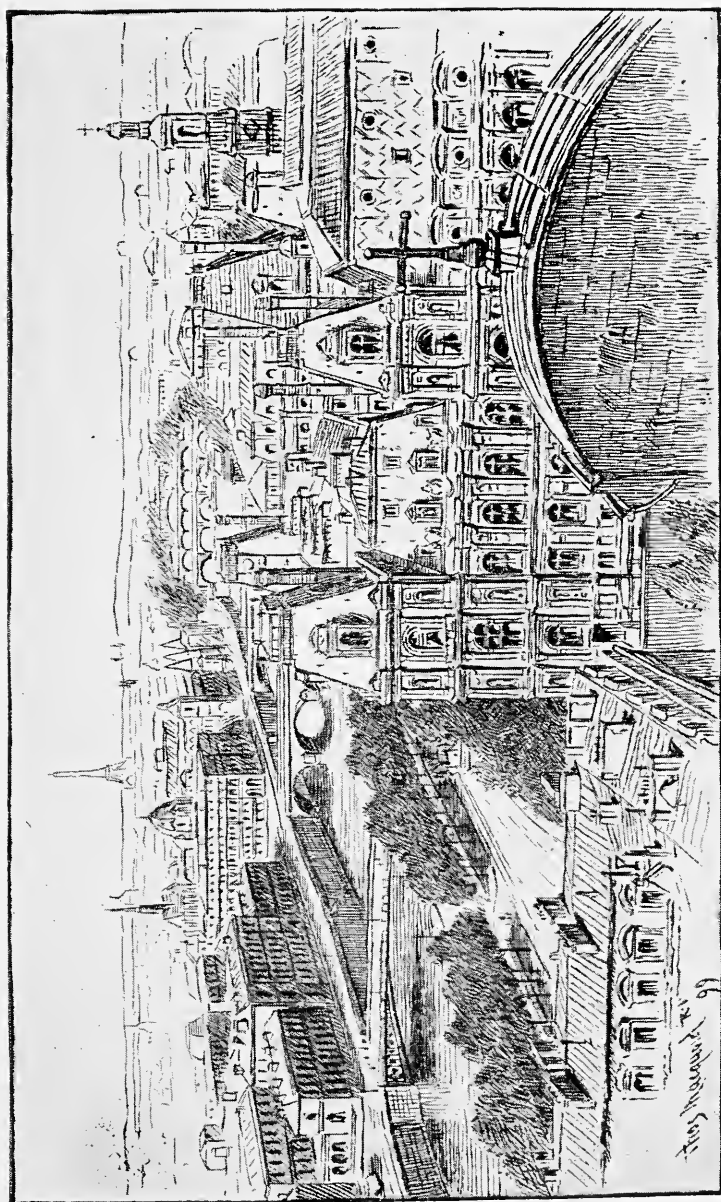
### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SEINE, ITS BRIDGES AND PRINCIPAL ISLANDS

THE Seine, as it flows through Paris in a winding, irregular semicircle, passes by some seven miles of houses. It cuts the fortifications on the south-east at Bercy, flows through the central portions of the city, and once more cuts the fortifications at Auteuil. About thirty bridges cross the Seine within the fortifications.

In seasonable weather a good way of getting a general idea of the Seine, its banks, and bridges is to embark on one of the pretty little steamers which constantly pass up and down the river laden with passengers.

There are three lines of these steamers; they run between Auteuil and Charenton (south-east of



SOME BRIDGES ON THE SEINE.



Bercy); Auteuil and the Pont d'Austerlitz (north-west of Bercy); Suresnes (a western suburb of Paris) and the Pont Royal.

We go on board at Auteuil and see the bridge or Pont d'Auteuil joining the lines of fortification across the river. Auteuil, and Passy north of it, are healthy residential districts, and may still be considered suburbs, although within the circle of fortifications; they lie between the spacious park called the Bois de Boulogne and the Seine.

The next bridge up the river is the Pont Mirabeau, and then the Pont de Grenelle; after this we pass the long, narrow island of the Swans and are at the Pont de Passy. We come next to the precincts of the Great Exhibition buildings on either bank of the stream.

Close to the river, far above everything on our right, is the stupendous Eiffel Tower, erected for the Universal Exhibition of 1889. This tower, measuring 984 feet high, is the tallest existing work of man; about 1,000 yards behind it stretches the vast Champ de Mars, and on it stand the principal buildings for the Great Exhibition.

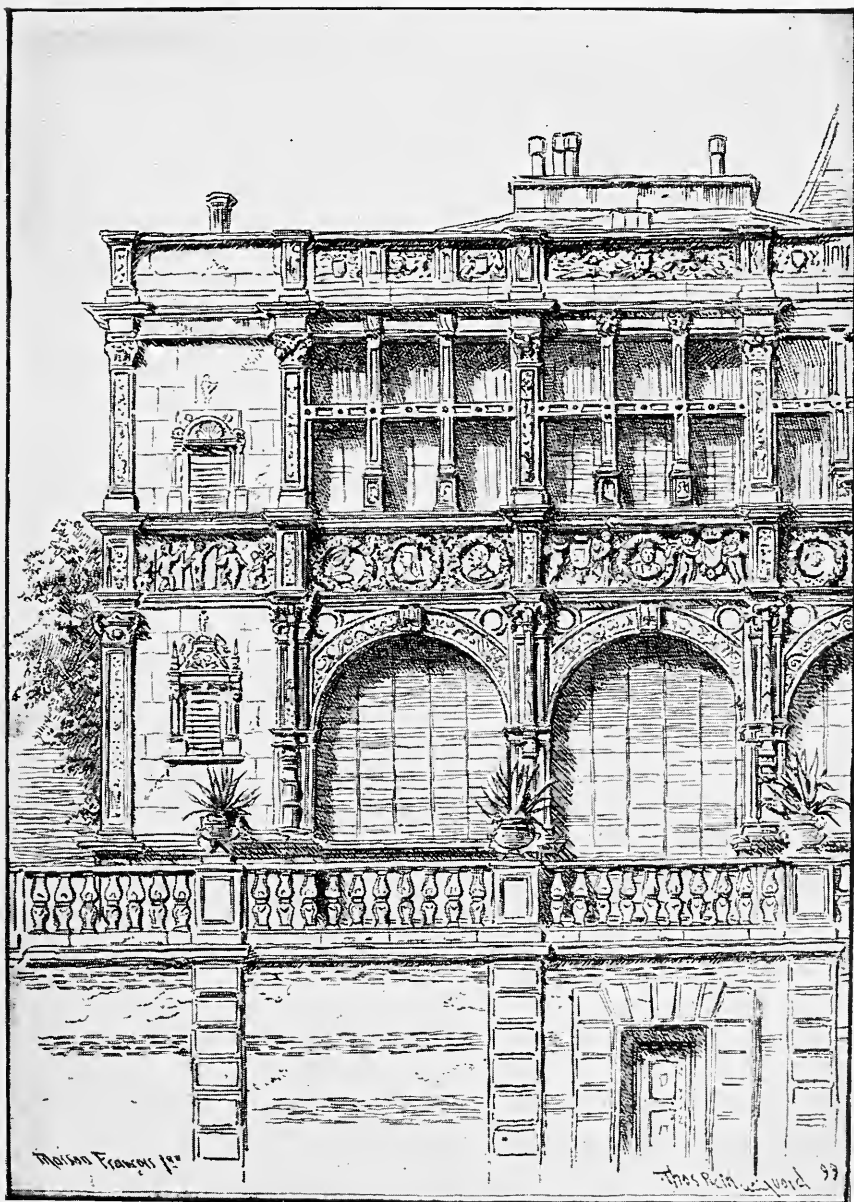
The handsome Pont d'Iéna, with its four huge groups of prancing horses and their tamers, crosses the Seine opposite the Eiffel Tower, and leads up through gardens to the winged Oriental palace called the Trocadéro; this contains a large collection of ancient, mediæval, and modern sculptures, and an ethnographical museum. The Exhibition buildings now stretch almost continuously on both sides of the river until we reach the monumental entrance gate

by the Place de la Concorde. Soon after the Pont d'Iéna we pass on the right, behind the Exhibition buildings, the Garde Meuble de l'État, a museum of curios, tapestry, furniture, and bronzes full of artistic and historic interest.

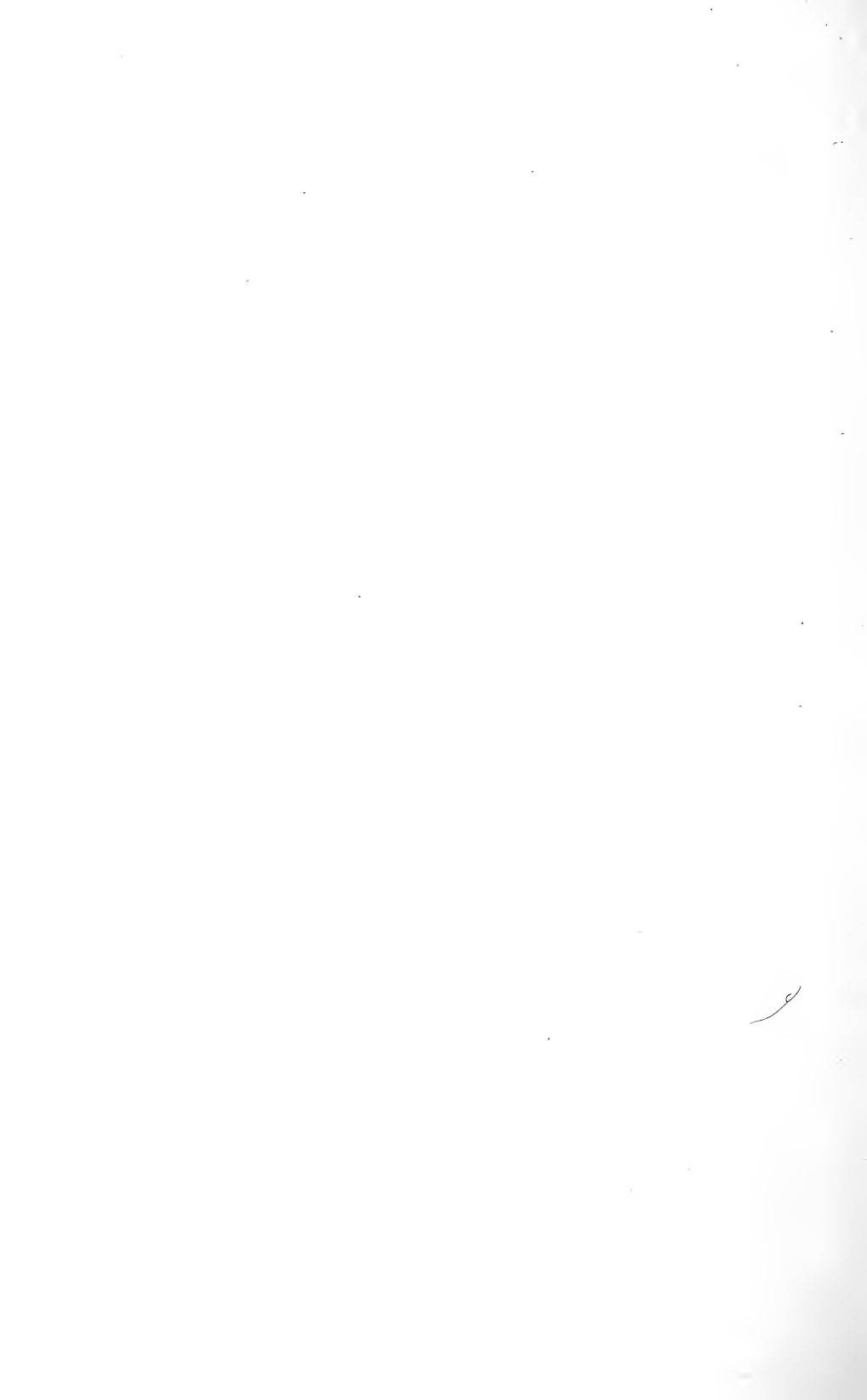
A little further on we reach the Pont de l'Alma, named from the victory in the Crimea in 1854, and built two years after that event. Close by on the right, behind the Quai d'Orsay, are two buildings, a military magazine, and a great tobacco manufactory; in the latter it is said about 20,000,000 lbs. of tobacco are each year manufactured.

On the left is the tree-shaded Cours la Reine, and at the corner of this and of the Rue Bayard stands the beautiful stone Renaissance house, known as La Maison de François Premier. It was built by the munificent and art-loving King for Diana of Poitiers, or for his sister Marguerite, Duchess of Alençon, about the year 1527. It is not large, as these houses go, but its front facing the Seine is a gem; there is about it a good deal of delicate and highly finished sculpture, boys at play, medallions of sovereigns and others. Some of the work is said to be by Jean Goujon. The house originally stood near Fontainebleau, but was bought by a private individual, and removed to its present site in 1826.

Just beyond the Maison François Premier, as we go up the river, is the wide Pont des Invalides. Passing under this we have, on the left, the spacious new Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts, and the neighbouring Petit Palais des Beaux-Arts; they both stand on the ground formerly occupied by the huge



PART OF FRONT OF THE HOUSE FRANÇOIS PREMIER.





Palais de l'Industrie, built for the Great Exhibition of 1855, and demolished to make way for these two new palaces.

The next bridge is the fine new Pont Alexandre III. It will be remembered that this bridge commemorates the Czar's visit to Paris in October, 1896; the Parisians welcomed him with feverish excitement, and he then laid the foundation-stone of the bridge. At each of the four corners is a winged horse on a lofty pedestal; the bridge will be altogether one of the most striking in Paris. The south side of it leads to the fine Esplanade des Invalides (another great space given up to Exhibition buildings), at the far end is the immense Hôtel des Invalides, and behind it rises the beautiful gilded dome, a prominent feature in many a view of the city.

As soon as we pass the Esplanade des Invalides we come, on the right, to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; next to the house of the President of the Chamber of Deputies; and then to the Chamber of Deputies, or Palais Bourbon, the French House of Commons.

Opposite this, the Pont de la Concorde, from which there are extended views of many fine buildings, leads to the spacious Place de la Concorde (formerly the Place de la Révolution, where the guillotine stood), a magnificent open space with its fine old Egyptian obelisk and handsome bronze fountains in the middle. On the north side of the Place de la Concorde is the imposing Marine Ministry, with a similar building just to the west of it, now used as a club. Further north, at the end

of the Rue Royale, stands the grand church of the Madeleine.

The gardens and fine avenue of the Champs Elysées stretch out west of the Place de la Concorde away to the monster triumphal arch called the Arc de l'Étoile. Near the river, at the south-west corner of the Place de la Concorde, is now erected the richly decorated monumental gate, the principal entrance to the Great Exhibition.

We have passed under the Pont de la Concorde, and have on our left the famous Tuileries Gardens, and on our right the German Embassy. Next comes the Pont de Solférino; on our right is the Palace of the Legion of Honour, and beside it the new station of the Orléans Railway. Then comes the Pont Royal, and close on our left we see the stately Pavillon de Flore, part of the Tuileries Palace, and the beginning of the south side of that stupendous mass of buildings known as the Tuileries and the Louvre; their north and south sides run parallel with the Seine.

The south end of the Pont Royal leads to the Rue du Bac, in which street is the celebrated Bon Marché, a large shop for all sorts of articles of dress and other things. After the Pont Royal we find the Quai Voltaire on our right, and we soon pass below the broad Pont du Carrousel leading to the spacious Place du Carrousel within the wings of the Tuileries. On our left, as we steam along, stretches the south side of the new Louvre; while on the right is the great École des Beaux-Arts, founded in the middle of the seventeenth century as a school for painters,

sculptors, architects, and other students of the fine arts. The schools are largely attended, and their professors are of great eminence. The present building belongs to this century.

And now we arrive at the Pont des Arts; on the left is the beautiful quadrangular old Louvre, and from this the bridge leads across the river to the dome-crowned Institute of France, a foundation of Cardinal Mazarin, and formerly called the Collège Mazarin. It was built at the end of the seventeenth century, and stands on ground previously occupied by the once famous and picturesque old Tour de Nesle.

Five academies—literary, artistic, and scientific—hold their meetings at the Institute: (1) l'Académie Française devotes itself to the French language and its orthography; (2) l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres deals with archæology and ancient languages; (3) l'Académie des Sciences concerns itself with questions of natural science and mathematics; (4) l'Académie des Beaux-Arts cultivates the arts of sculpture, painting, architecture, and music; (5) l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques deals with history, philosophy, and political economy.

Adjoining the Institute is the spacious Hotel des Monnaies, or Mint, built rather more than a hundred years ago; it possesses numerous medals, French and other coins of various periods. The workshops are interesting, the coin-producing machines are worth inspection; they can strike an immense number of coins in one day.

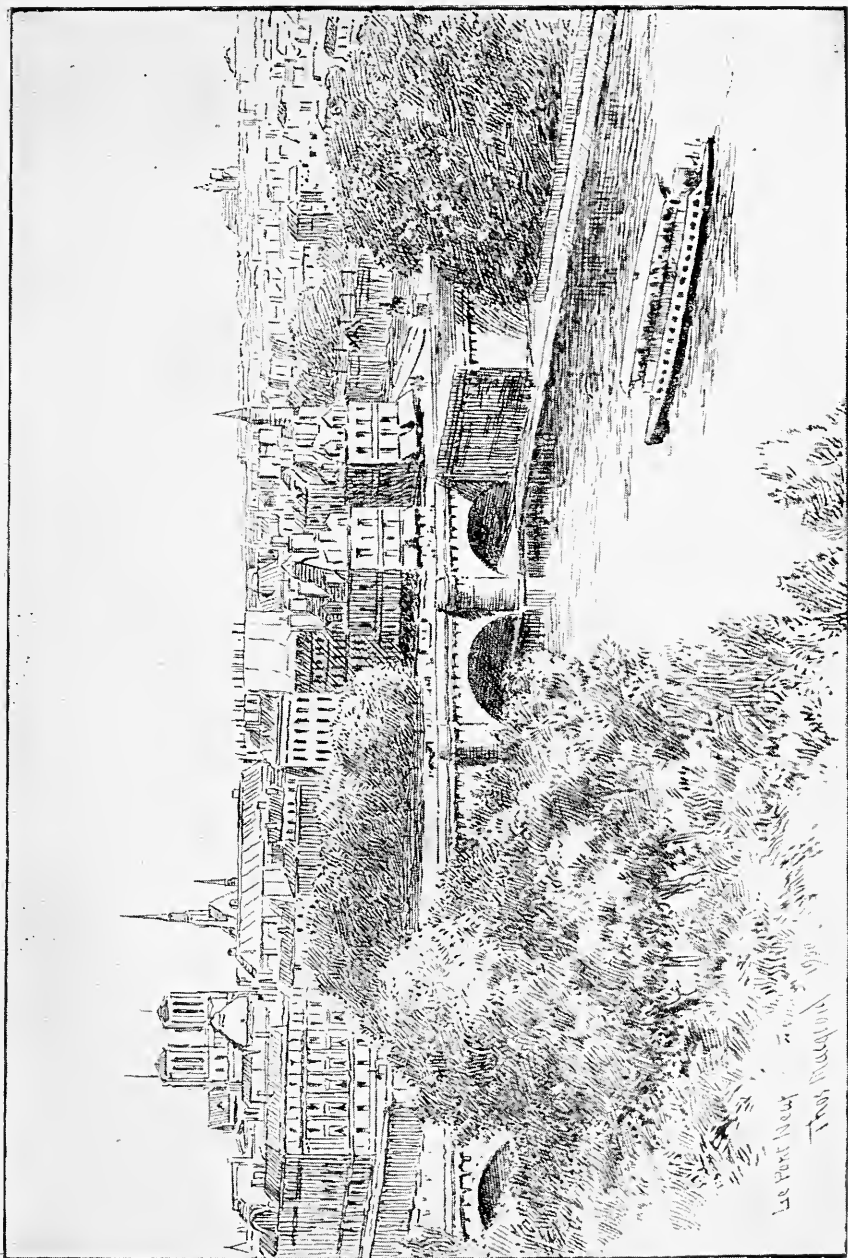
We have now reached the western point of the famous Ile de la Cité. On our left, close to the

bank, and opposite the east side of the old Louvre, stands the fine old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Across the narrow pointed end of the Ile de la Cité, on our right, the fine Pont Neuf stretches over either arm of the Seine. This bridge is older and more celebrated than any other of the existing bridges in Paris, though it has been restored within recent years; its erection was begun when Henri III. was King, and it was finished in 1604, in the reign of Henri Quatre. On its western side is an imposing bronze statue of Henri Quatre on horseback. This statue was put up by Louis XVIII. in place of a previous one destroyed during the Great Revolution.

The sharp point of the island west of the statue has been made into a small public garden, with trees and seats. There are various fine views from the Pont Neuf of the Seine, its neighbouring palaces, and other buildings—the view of the Louvre from this bridge is especially noteworthy; and at midday the scene on the Pont Neuf is both busy and varied. Passengers and wheel traffic are frequent over either arm of the bridge and along the quays; the steamers and other river craft constantly pass up and down; idlers look over either side of the bridge; and enthusiastic men and boys, perpetually, and to all appearance with unvarying non-success, are seen diligently fishing at frequent intervals along the banks of the muddy water.\*

Our steamer keeps along the north arm of the

\* The stone parapets of the quays on either side of the river just here are converted into bookstalls for the sale of old books and engravings of all sorts.



LE PONT NEUF.



stream, and when we have passed the Pont Neuf we see on our right the huge Palais de Justice and the old round towers of the Conciergerie with their pointed caps. We go under the Pont au Change and pass, on our right, the Tribunal de Commerce; close by is the gay Flower Market. Next comes the Pont Notre Dame, with the great Hôtel Dieu on the right; then the Pont d'Arcole.

On the right is the splendid old cathedral of Notre Dame, but we cannot see it just here from the steamer. On our left is that almost perfect building the magnificent new Hotel de Ville. On the south side of the Ile de la Cité are the four bridges—St. Michel, Petit, au Double, and de l'Archevêché.

After the Pont d'Arcole we see in front of us the island of St. Louis, and soon we steam between this and the Ile de la Cité and go beneath the Pont St. Louis, which connects the two islands. The Morgue is on our right, at the east of the Ile de la Cité. We steam along the arm of the river to the south of the Ile St. Louis, and soon pass the Pont de la Tournelle and Pont Sully; this bridge crosses the east corner of the island to the north bank of the mainland, and to the Boulevard Henri Quatre, which leads straight to the Place de la Bastille.

In the fifteenth century the isle of St. Louis was divided into two islands, the western—opposite Notre Dame, called l'Ile Notre Dame, and the eastern, l'Ile aux Vaches; there was also another island to the east, called l'Ile des Javiaux, afterwards l'Ile Louvier, this, about sixty years ago, was joined to

the mainland on the north bank. On the north of the Ile St. Louis are the bridges Louis Philippe and Marie.

When we are through the Pont Sully we pass on the right the Quai St. Bernard, behind which lie the great wine stores, the Halle aux Vins. Just beyond, on the right, is the Jardin des Plantes, the principal entrance to which is from the Place Valhubert on the river bank. The Jardin des Plantes covers some seventy-five acres, and consists of botanical and zoological gardens, as well as galleries containing numerous cases filled with interesting botanical, zoological, geological, and comparative anatomical specimens. There is here a good collection of living animals of various sorts, but the Zoological Gardens in London are better in this respect. The fine library contains about 150,000 books.

From the Place Valhubert the Pont d'Austerlitz leads across the river to the Place Diderot.

The big railway station known as the Gare d'Orléans (the line for Orléans, Tours, and Bordeaux) is on our right as we continue our voyage up the Seine. The next bridge is the Pont de Bercy, and on our left the immense wine stores of Bercy line the river bank for the best part of a mile.

We go on beneath the Pont de Tolbiac and the Pont National, and leave the ring of fortifications behind us. As we advance, on one side are the Magasins Généraux des Vins; then we come to the Pont de Conflans, also called the Pont d'Ivry; and in a few minutes we reach the end of our journey.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE ILE DE LA CITÉ

LOOKING at Paris as it now is, it is difficult to realise that when Julius Cæsar conquered Gaul, between the years 58 and 50 B.C., the great city of to-day was the village Lutetia, the chief village of the tribe named the Parisii, built on the island in the Sequana, or Seine, now known as the Ile de la Cité.

In after-years the Roman Cæsars and Emperors gradually made Lutetia one of their residences; a Roman palace was built on the Ile de la Cité, and it is said that Constantius Chlorus, Cæsar and then Emperor in Gaul, between the years 292 and 306 A.D., built another palace, that now known as the Thermes, close to the island of La Cité, on the left bank of the Seine. This palace is said to have been used as a residence by the emperors and the succeeding Frankish kings, until these last built a royal palace on the island of La Cité on the site of the Roman palace.

The palace of the Thermes was of great extent, but, being much injured by the Northmen, was gradually allowed to go to ruin, until at the present day the only portion of it that remains consists of the ancient baths adjoining the Hôtel de Cluny, now used as a museum.

In this palace the Cæsar, Julian the Apostate,

whether he would or not, is said to have been proclaimed Emperor by the legions of Gaul in the year 360 A.D.

Gibbon, the historian, gives an interesting account of Paris, or Lutetia, at about this period. He says it was the seat of the winter residence of Julian, and was "originally confined to the small island in the midst of the river, from whence the inhabitants derived a supply of pure and salubrious water. The river bathed the foot of the walls, and the town was accessible only by two wooden bridges. A forest overspread the northern side of the Seine; but on the south, the ground which now bears the name of the university, was insensibly covered with houses and adorned with a palace and amphitheatre, baths, and aqueduct, and a field of Mars for the exercise of the Roman troops. . . . The licentiousness and corruption of Antioch [where the Emperor was in the year 362] recalled to the memory of Julian the severe and simple manners of his beloved Lutetia, where the amusements of the theatre were unknown or despised."

It appears to have been also in Julian's time that a Council called Parisea Civitas was held in Lutetia, whence came the name Paris.

At the end of the fifth century the Frankish King Clovis expelled the Romans, and in the year 508 he made Paris his capital. He became a Christian and founded the Merovingian Dynasty, which lasted until the middle of the eighth century; then Pepin le Bref brought in the Carovingians, and was succeeded in the year 768 by his sons, Charles the Great or Charle-

magne, and Carloman. On the death of Carloman, three years later, Charlemagne became sole ruler, and in the year 800 he was crowned Emperor of the West.

Nearly two centuries later Hugh Capet began the line of the Capetians, and they reigned until the House of Valois, in 1328, gave a king to France in the person of Philip VI. This line of Valois continued until the year 1589, when Henri Quatre became the first French king of the House of Bourbon. This House takes us on to the terrible Revolution, in the year 1789, and to the First Republic, followed by the First Empire, in the year 1804, when Napoleon Bonaparte was proclaimed Emperor.

In 1814 came the restoration of the monarchy in the person of Louis XVIII.

The Revolution of 1830 put Louis Philippe of the House of Orleans upon the throne. Then followed the Revolution of 1848, and the Second Republic; in 1852 came the Second Empire, with Napoleon III. as Emperor.

In July, 1870, owing to the machinations of Bismarck and the vainglorious pride of Napoleon III., France declared war against Prussia, and the consequences, as everybody knows, were most disastrous for France.

In September, 1870, after the Battle of Sedan and the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon, the Third French Republic was proclaimed. In January, 1871, after a protracted siege, Paris capitulated to the Germans, who entered the city in triumph on the following first of March.

Then came the Communist insurrection ; the siege of Paris by the French mob ; and several days of savage fighting in the streets, during which the beautiful old Hôtel de Ville, the Palace of the Tuileries, and much of the Palais de Justice were destroyed by fire ; the column in the Place Vendôme was thrown down and broken ; various other buildings were either ruined or greatly injured by the maddened and brutal mob.

The Republic has continued to exist with varying fortunes under the respective Presidents Thiers, Marshal Macmahon, Jules Grévy, Carnot, Casimir Périer, Félix Faure, and Loubet. There have been during this time nearly forty changes of Ministry ; while in the same period of years only nine Cabinets have controlled the destinies of Great Britain.

The Ile de la Cité was, as has been said, the beginning of Paris, and for those who admire fine architecture and historical association it is still the most interesting part of the great city. On this small island stand the glorious cathedral of Notre Dame, and that miracle of Gothic building, the Sainte Chapelle. Here are also the great Palais de Justice with the old Conciergerie, and the modern buildings of the Hôtel Dieu, the Tribunal de Commerce, and the Préfecture de Police, as well as the pretty Flower Market, and the gruesome Morgue.

Taking Notre Dame altogether, there are few finer Gothic churches in France, or indeed in Europe. The ground on which it stands, close to the Seine, is rather sunk, and the great modern buildings near the cathedral detract from its grand proportions.

The finest and most picturesque view of this noble building is that of the apse, and the remarkable flying buttresses.

The cathedral was begun in the year 1161; it was not finished until the following century; since then it has been altered in many ways. In 1845 its restoration was taken in hand by the architects Viollet-le-Duc and Boeswillwald.

The west front is very grand; the two great square towers (would that those of Westminster Abbey were as imposing!) rise to a height of more than 220 feet; the elegant central *flèche*, a fine piece of modern work designed by Viollet-le-Duc, is more than 300 feet in height.

The façade was built at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and is a grand example of this kind of richly ornamented Gothic. The three great, deeply recessed portals are lavishly decorated with figures and other sculptures. Taking them from north to south, they respectively commemorate the Virgin Mary, the Last Judgment, and St. Anne. On some of the doors there is still the original and beautiful old ironwork. The portals of the transepts are also fine, and so are the great rose windows above them.

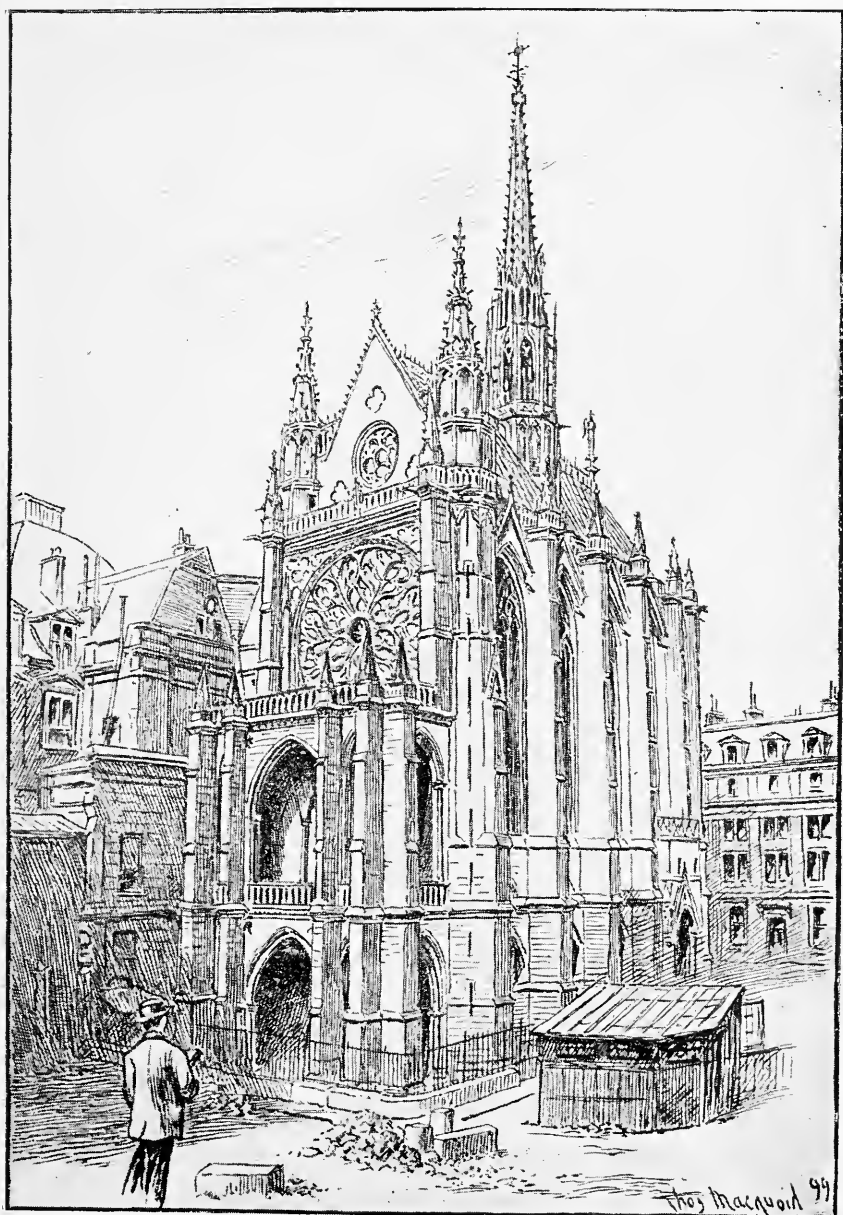
There is much solemn grandeur about the interior. It measures some 420 feet in length, more than 150 feet in width, and about 110 feet in height. The double aisles, which run right round the church, add greatly to the beauty and effect; and the picturesque intricacy thus created shows to especial advantage in the ambulatory, along which one sees

arches and columns that, with the numerous chapels, present an infinite and delightful variety, both of form and of effects of light and shade. There is much fine stained glass in the three glorious rose windows of the north and south transepts, and above the west door. The choir contains good wood-carving of the seventeenth century.

This church has a magnificent organ. In the treasury there is a fine collection of chalices, crucifixes, crosses, and vestments. The visitor is also shown the robes worn by Napoleon I. at his coronation in 1804, and the vestments of Archbishop Affre, who was shot in the Revolution of 1848; of Archbishop Darboy, killed during the Commune riots of 1871; and of Archbishop Sibour, who was murdered in the church of St. Etienne-du-Mont in 1857 by a former priest. In these vestments are the blood-stains and holes made by bullets. The treasury is also said to contain the sacred relics King Louis IX. (St. Louis) brought from the Holy Land.

In the south tower is the Bourdon de Notre Dame, the huge bell which weighs over 16 tons; it is more than two hundred years old, and its sound is magnificent. From the top of the north tower there is a splendid view of Paris, very comprehensive owing to the central position of Notre Dame. From the platform of the roof one sees the enormous gargoyles, as monstrous as they are eerie-looking. Readers of Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris* will recognise them as old acquaintances.

The cathedral has passed through terrible vicissitudes. In 1793, during the Revolution, the National



LA SAINTE CHAPELLE.





Convention doomed the grand old church to destruction. Fortunately the decree was not fully executed, but the cathedral suffered from the mutilation of its statues and other ornaments; it was barbarously handled and profaned; it was called the "Temple of Reason"; a statue of Liberty was placed above the altar; and every kind of sacrilege was enacted within the building.

Once more, after escaping injury from Prussian shells, Notre Dame was seriously threatened in 1871 by the Communists. They attempted to destroy it by fire, but the troops from Versailles succeeded in preventing very much injury from being done to the noble old pile.

The kings of France were not crowned at Notre Dame de Paris; their coronations took place in Rheims Cathedral. It is curious, however, to note that on the 17th December, 1431, Henry VI. of England, then a boy of ten years old, was crowned at Notre Dame King of France. In 1804 the Emperor Napoleon I. was crowned at Notre Dame, or rather he put the crown on his own head in the cathedral, in the presence of the Pope.

But if Notre Dame is splendid and imposing, there is another church on the Ile de la Cité, 400 or 500 yards to the west, which surpasses the cathedral in beauty—the lovely little building called the Sainte Chapelle. It stands in a courtyard of the Palais de Justice; it was formerly the chapel of the old royal palace, which stood on this site long before the Palais de Justice was erected there.

The Sainte Chapelle was built in the time of

St. Louis, by the architect Pierre de Montereau, and was only three years in building, from 1245 to 1248. It is considered the choicest example extant of the purest and most perfect period of Gothic architecture. It is said that St. Louis built the Sainte Chapelle to contain the holy relics he brought from Palestine, which relics, as mentioned before, are now stated to be in the treasury of Notre Dame. Among them are supposed to be genuine thorns from our Lord's crown of thorns and a nail from the cross. King Louis is said to have paid 3,000,000 francs for these relics.

The building consists of two chapels, one above the other, said to correspond in height with the floors of the old palace; the lower chapel being intended for the use of the household, and the upper church for members of the royal family. The lower chapel is richly gilded and painted, but the architecture is not especially remarkable.

The upper church is small in size, but infinite in beauty; it is only 115 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 66 feet high. The fifteen great windows are filled with splendid stained glass, chiefly of the thirteenth century, but partly restored; they take up almost all the wall space. There is also a fine rose window at the west end, but this is of the fifteenth century. The walls and roof are gorgeously decorated in red and blue and gold. Outside the west door is a number of most interesting old bas-reliefs, on a small scale. Viollet-le-Duc and Lassus helped also to restore this gem of Gothic architecture; the beautiful little *flèche* was designed by Lassus; the

restoration was begun in the reign of the people's king, Louis Philippe, and cost £50,000. It is a pity that the Sainte Chapelle is so surrounded by the buildings of the Palais de Justice that it is impossible to get a comprehensive view of the exterior. This exquisite little church was threatened with destruction during the Commune of 1871; the mob had set the adjoining Palais de Justice on fire, and the flames raged all round the Sainte Chapelle, but, almost by a miracle, no harm was done to the beautiful little church.

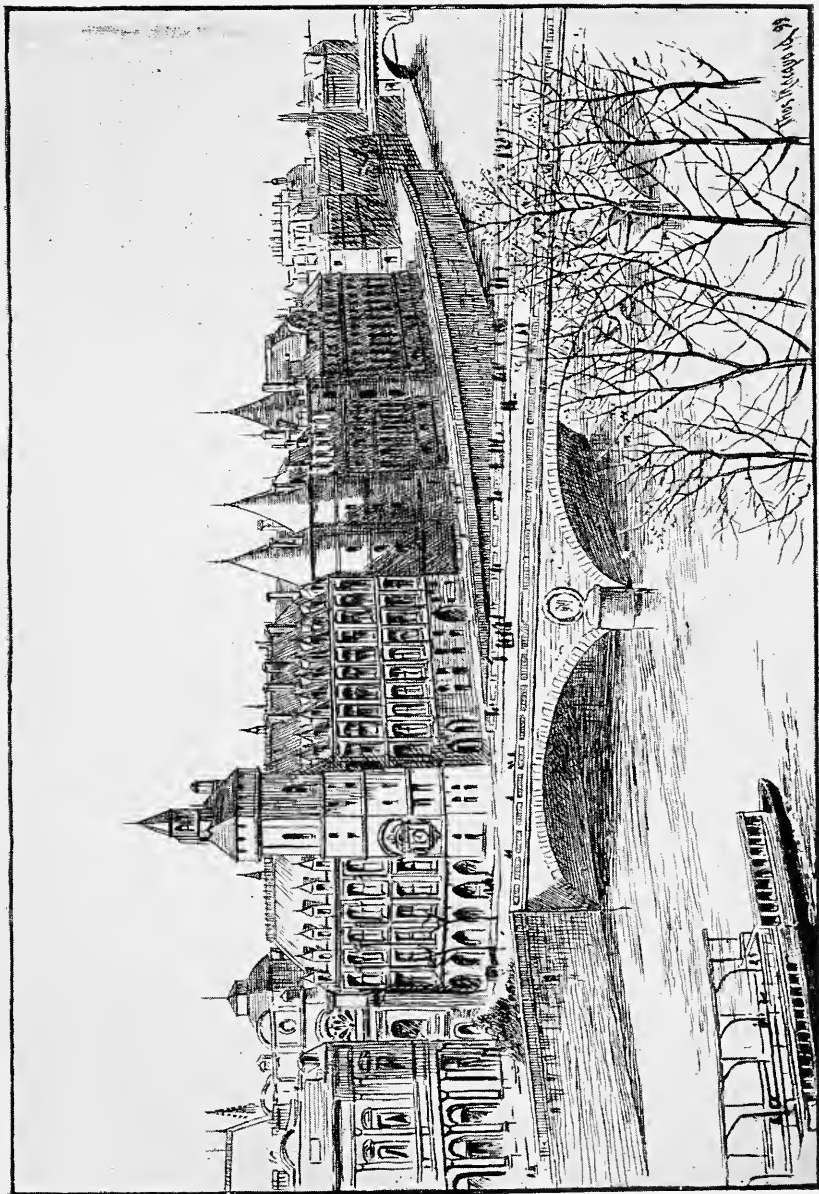
As already stated, there were two Roman palaces, one on the Ile de la Cité, and the other on the mainland on the south side of the river. Not much is known about the Roman palace on La Cité, but after a time the Frankish kings built a palace on its site, and this appears to have been from time to time rebuilt and used as a royal palace. Nearly all the Palais de Justice, the present building on this site, has been erected since the destructive fire of 1776. The three circular Gothic towers with pointed caps fronting the Seine are part of the old Gothic building. In the lovely little adjoining shrine of the Sainte Chapelle the "Red Mass" is celebrated annually in the late autumn on the opening of the Courts of Justice. You go in to the Palais de Justice from the Boulevard du Palais, through some fine gilded iron railings, and across the spacious courtyard called the Cour du Mai, or you can make your way through a glass door near the west end of the upper chapel of the Sainte Chapelle. This last entrance leads to the Galerie

Marchande, and so into the vast Salle des Pas Perdus, with its two large vaulted galleries. In this great hall the advocates walk up and down in their black gowns and square-shaped caps, chatting or discussing their cases. Several courts of first instance lead out of this hall; they are rather small, and the proceedings seem to be less formal than with us in London. To an Englishman the absence of wigs among the advocates and judges seems strange, though there can be little doubt that it is far more strange, if not senseless, to wear these extraordinary, fusty remnants of bygone ages.

To the west of the Salle des Pas Perdus is the Galerie des Prisons; leading out of this on the right are the Chambers of the Court of Cassation. One of these, the Chambre des Requêtes, has a richly painted and ornamented ceiling; and another, the grand Chambre Civile, is gorgeously decorated, both as to walls and ceiling. There is a great air of dignity and repose about this chamber; the solemn-looking judges sit round in the form of a horseshoe, but the proceedings, though stately, seem dull for lively France.

This end of the building looks on to the Place Dauphine, and has a stately modern façade, built between thirty and forty years ago. Opposite the Chambre Civile, the Vestibule de Harlay leads to the Galerie de la Sainte Chapelle; halfway along this gallery is the Première Chambre of the Court of Appeal, a large and handsome chamber with a fine painted ceiling.

The Courts of Police Correctionnelle lie opposite



LE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, LE PONT AU CHANGE.



the Sainte Chapelle, on the south side of the Courtyard of that name. The famous old prison, the Conciergerie, forms the north side of the Palais de Justice, close to the Seine. The Conciergerie was filled with prisoners during the Great Revolution; Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, and Danton were all confined there before their execution.

Opposite to the Palais de Justice is the spacious new Préfecture de Police; and nearer the river the recently built Tribunal de Commerce. Behind the Tribunal de Commerce lies the great Flower Market, a gay and lively scene during its opening hours. Further to the east stands the huge modern building called the Hôtel Dieu, near the site of the old Hôtel Dieu, originally founded as a hospital in the seventh century; the present building has more than 500 beds and spreads over several acres of land.

At the extreme south-east point of the Ile de la Cité is the grim Morgue; dead bodies found in the streets or the river are placed there for identification.

## CHAPTER V.

### SOME OF THE CHURCHES

BESIDES Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle there are many fine churches in Paris, both old and modern. St. Germain l'Auxerrois is one of the most interesting of the old churches; it lies opposite the east front of the old Louvre on the other

side of the Rue du Louvre. The foundation appears to have been a very old one reaching back to the ninth, if not to the eighth century; parts of the present church are of the twelfth, thirteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The fifteenth century porch at the west end is picturesque; but the frescoes in this porch have been almost obliterated, and there remain scarcely more than spots of colour. The interior is imposing, though the lowness of the roof rather spoils the general effect; there is some rich modern stained glass. It is said that the bell of this church was rung on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, 1572, as a signal for the fearful massacre of the unwitting Huguenots who had been lured into Paris on the occasion of the marriage of Henry of Navarre with Marguerite de Valois, daughter of Catherine de Medicis. A modern tower has been built just north of the west end of the church, and beyond the tower is a modern Mairie in Renaissance style.

If from St. Germain l'Auxerrois we walk to the Rue de Rivoli, and turn to the right, we soon come to the Boulevard de Sébastopol. On the other side of this, on the right of the Rue de Rivoli, is the fine old tower of St. Jacques, all that is left of the church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie; the rest of the church was destroyed at the end of the eighteenth century. The tower is about 175 feet high; it is a rich piece of work, and a good example of early sixteenth century Gothic; it has been restored during the present century. From ~~the~~ top of the tower a particularly fine and extensive view of Paris may be had.



Let us walk on along the Rue de Rivoli, past the magnificent Hôtel de Ville, and turn down the Place Lobau on the right. After a few steps we see, as we look eastward, the remarkable old church of St. Gervais and St. Protais. The building appears to have been begun early in the thirteenth century, and to have been partly rebuilt during the next century; various alterations and additions have been made since. It contains some sixteenth century stained glass, and various other objects of interest, including good wood-carving and a painting on wood, said to be by Albert Dürer.

If we retrace our steps along the Rue de Rivoli, and turn up the Rue des Halles on the right, just beyond the Boulevard de Sébastopol, we shall find the large church of St. Eustache, immediately to the north of the great Halles Centrales, or principal provision market. The building of the present St. Eustache was not begun until the year 1532, and the architect appears to have attempted to combine the Gothic and Renaissance styles, with a not very happy result. The church has double aisles, its great loftiness gives a grandeur to the interior, it contains several remarkable frescoes, and is celebrated for its music.

Walking up northwards we find some interesting modern churches. The Rue de Turbigo soon cuts across the Rue St. Denis, and this and its continuation, the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, take us into the Boulevard de Magenta, which in turn leads up across the Rue de la Fayette, and then, by the Rue de Belzunce, brings us to the imposing church of St.

Vincent de Paul; or we may reach the building from the Rue de la Fayette, by the Place de la Fayette. This church was built between 1824 and 1844, in the form of a basilica with Ionic columns; it contains a famous frieze, painted by Hippolyte Flandrin, which runs right round the nave, and consists of a continuous procession of various sacred characters. This is considered one of the finest examples of modern fresco painting.

From St. Vincent de Paul it is a good step westwards, by the Rue de la Fayette and the Rue de Châteaudun, to the church of La Trinité, built between thirty and forty years ago. A handsome church, in quite a modern Renaissance style, it groups well with its surroundings. Fine materials have been used in the building, and it is decorated inside with paintings and stained glass.

Another handsome modern church is that of St. Augustin, reached by walking west from La Trinité along the Rue St. Lazare, the Rue de la Pépinière, and then to the right a short distance up the Boulevard Malesherbes. St. Augustin's was built at about the same period as the church of La Trinité; it is in a modern style of mixed Romanesque and Byzantine, with a handsome and well-proportioned dome. Cast-iron and stone have been used in conjunction. This church also looks in harmony with the buildings of modern Paris.

From St. Augustin's the Boulevard Malesherbes leads southwards directly down to the Place and church of La Madeleine, the most important of the modern churches in Paris.

The Madeleine was erected during the latter part of last century, and is a handsome building of the classical type. It is surrounded by fifty-two huge Corinthian columns, each about 50 feet high; its base is raised nearly 20 feet above ground. The bronze doors, by Triquetti, at the west end are of huge size and very ornamental. The interior is sumptuously decorated with sculptures, coloured marble, paintings, and gilding; the scheme of decoration is principally in white and gold. The interior is rather gloomy, as the church is only partially lighted by three circular windows in the roof; there are no windows in the walls. This is considered the most fashionable church in Paris, and is famous for the fine music of its services.

A few steps from the Place de la Madeleine, along the Rue Royale, take us to the Rue St. Honoré. On the left, and about half a mile down this street, we see another fashionable church, St. Roch; it is earlier in date than the Madeleine, but it is not architecturally interesting. This church is also celebrated for the beauty of its music. In 1795, in front of St. Roch, Napoleon Bonaparte first came into prominence; he was then in command of the troops of the Convention, and he defeated the forces of the Royalists.

On the southern bank of the Seine there are also many fine churches, both ancient and modern. The grandest of these, the Panthéon, once dedicated to St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, is no longer a church. It stands on high ground in the Quartier Latin, almost due south of Notre Dame, and not far

from the Sorbonne, or University; it is at the end of the Rue Soufflot, which turns out of the Boulevard St. Michel on the left as you go southwards.

This church was built by the architect Soufflot, between 1764 and 1790; but in 1791, after the outbreak of the Revolution, it was turned into a pantheistic temple, and dedicated to all great Frenchmen. In 1806 it was reconsecrated as a church; in 1830 it once more became the Panthéon; in 1851 it again became a church; but when Victor Hugo was buried there in 1885, the building was declared to be a secular temple, and it so remains. In the crypt are the tombs of Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, and other celebrated Frenchmen; there is also the tomb of Soufflot the architect.

The Panthéon is built in the form of a Greek cross; it has a lofty and conspicuous dome, 278 feet high and 75 feet across.

Corinthian columns at the imposing west end support a tympanum, in which is a remarkable series of figures sculptured by David of Angers; here France is represented bestowing rewards on Fénelon, Voltaire, Cuvier, Laplace, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Lafayette, and other famous men. The interior is very striking; it measures 370 feet in length by 276 in width. There are many statues of saints and others, and many historical paintings. From the gallery above the dome one gets an excellent view of Paris and the country round the city. Owing to the high ground on which the Panthéon stands its fine dome forms a very conspicuous and useful landmark from many parts of Paris.

A few yards north-east of the Panthéon we come to the spacious church of St. Etienne du Mont, built chiefly in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the style is mixed, late Gothic and Renaissance, but although its architecture is debased, the church possesses a certain picturesque charm which appeals more perhaps to the artist than to the architect. Its most remarkable feature is a beautiful jubé, or rood-screen, carved by Biard in the first years of the seventeenth century. Two graceful staircases wind round the columns of this screen up to the gallery, which here takes the place of the usual triforium.

In the Rue St. Jacques, between the Boulevard St. Germain and the Seine, we come upon the interesting old church of St. Séverin. Most of it dates from the thirteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; the west doorway, that of St. Pierre aux Bœufs, was brought here about sixty years ago, when St. Pierre was taken down. There is fine old stained glass in some of the windows of the nave, and in the chapels are some striking modern frescoes by Flandrin and others.

Eight or nine hundred yards south-westward of St. Séverin, on the other side of the Boulevard St. Germain, is the grand old church of St. Sulpice, rather north of the Palace of the Luxembourg. St. Sulpice was built during the reigns of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze; it is the most spacious in Paris, being even larger than Notre Dame. St. Sulpice contains many good frescoes, and some parts of the interior are richly decorated; it is built in the classical style; at the west end are two lofty towers;

it is altogether an imposing church, but the architecture is cumbrous.

A little way north of St. Sulpice, along the Rue Bonaparte and across the Boulevard St. Germain, stands the famous old Romanesque church St. Germain des Prés, and although it comes so late in the list it is perhaps the oldest, and certainly one of the most interesting, churches in Paris. The nave dates from the eleventh, and the choir from the twelfth century; this church was restored nearly a hundred years ago. It contains a fourteenth century statue of the Blessed Virgin and some good modern frescoes by Flandrin. Readers of French history will easily recall the numerous historic associations connected with this church. It is now difficult to believe that the picturesque old building once stood, as its name implies, in the midst of meadow-land.

Three-quarters of a mile north-west of St. Germain des Prés, just south of the War Office, is the large modern church of Ste. Clotilde, an imitation of fourteenth century Gothic, built between forty and fifty years ago. Though Ste. Clotilde will not stand a comparison with real work of the fourteenth century, it is a fine church, with two lofty spires at the west end. Its stained glass windows have much rich beauty, and it contains several paintings and bas-reliefs; the spires are visible from many parts of Paris.

There are several other churches worth seeing, but we have not space to describe them.

Among English churches in Paris are: St. George, 7 Rue Auguste Vacquerie, Avenue d'Iéna; the British

Embassy Church, 5 Rue d'Aguesseau, Faubourg St. Honoré; the American Churches of the Holy Trinity, 19 Avenue de l'Alma, Champs Elysées; and St. Luke's Chapel, 5 Rue de la Grande Chaumière, near Boulevard du Mont Parnasse. Services: St. George, 8.30 and 10.30 a.m., 3 and 8 p.m.; British Embassy, 8.30 and 10.30 a.m., 3.30 and 8 p.m.; the Holy Trinity, 8.30 and 11 a.m., 4 p.m.; St. Luke's Chapel, 8.30 and 10.30 a.m., 8 p.m. There are also several Nonconformist chapels.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LOUVRE AND THE TUILERIES—THE HOTEL DE VILLE—LUXEMBOURG, AND OTHERS

MOST of the public buildings of Paris are, to all appearance, palaces. They are more or less modern, but several, of which the Hôtel de Ville is chief, have been rebuilt after the old style, and have interesting associations. If one wishes adequately to appreciate and to enjoy a visit to Paris, it is advisable to have some acquaintance with old forms of architecture and some knowledge of French history.

The President of the Republic, when in Paris, resides in the Palace of the Elysée. It is not one of the finest palaces, but it is a handsome building, splendidly furnished and decorated. A special permission is required in order to see the Elysée. It

was originally erected at the beginning of the eighteenth century for the Count of Evreux, but it was afterwards enlarged. Then Madame de Pompadour inhabited the palace. Later on the Duchess of Bourbon lived there. From this Princess it took the name of Elysée Bourbon; as from President Louis Napoleon, afterwards the Emperor Napoleon III., it took the name of Elysée Napoléon. Both he and his famous uncle, the first Emperor, lived there for a time. The Elysée stands in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré; the large gardens behind it stretch away to the Champs Elysées. Close to the Elysée, also in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, stands the British Embassy, a fine house, belonging to our Government, and opposite the English Church.

In describing the principal Parisian palaces we will first visit those on the right or north bank of the Seine, and then those on the left.

Starting from the British Embassy, we must walk nearly a mile along the Rue St. Honoré before we reach, on the left, the great mass of buildings formed by the Palais Royal and the Théâtre Français, both of them full of memories. On the right, on the farther side of the Rue de Rivoli, we see part of the enormous range of palaces called the Louvre and the Tuileries. It is difficult, in describing them, to convey an adequate idea of these imposing buildings; London contains nothing that approaches their colossal magnificence. The front of the old Louvre facing the Seine, the new Louvre, and the connecting wing of the Tuileries, measure something like 2,250



feet in length (almost half a mile); altogether the palaces spread over nearly fifty acres of ground. The old Louvre, a square, compact palace, of four sides, with a large central court, is architecturally the most interesting part of the huge pile of buildings.

In olden days the site now occupied by the Louvre was covered by a forest swarming with wolves. In order to lessen the number of these savage beasts a hunting-lodge was built in the forest, and was called the *Louverie*, hence the name Louvre. This is the romantic derivation of the word, but the more probable though prosaic derivation is from the Saxon *leowar* or *lower*, meaning a fortified camp. Early in the thirteenth century Philip Augustus demolished the hunting-lodge, and built a castle in its place. Three centuries later, Francis I. demolished the castle, and planned a great part of the present old Louvre. He began by building the southern portion of the west side, and employed Pierre Lescot as architect; the building was continued under the succeeding French kings. Catherine de Medicis took great interest in its progress, and so did Henri Quatre. Perrault's grand colonnade at the east side of the old Louvre was added in the time of Louis Quatorze. The building was finally completed by Louis Napoleon, who built most of those huge wings of the new Louvre which stretch out west of the old palace. Some of this work, the Pavillon de Richelieu for instance, is perhaps rather overdone with ornament.

The original Louvre and the south wing of the new Louvre contain the famous and magnificent

collections of ancient and modern sculpture, paintings, drawings, gems, Etruscan, Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, and Roman antiquities, besides various other rare and curious objects, which, taken as a whole, probably constitute the finest existing collection contained in one building. To begin with, there are more than 2,500 pictures.

The larger antiquities and the sculptures are on the ground floor; the pictures, gems, and smaller antiquities are on the first floor; the second floor contains a naval museum, a few interesting pictures and drawings by old masters, as well as ethnographical and Chinese collections.

Among the ancient sculptures is the far-famed Greek statue called the Venus of Milo, perhaps the most celebrated female statue in the world. The Salon Carré, on the first floor, contains masterpieces by Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Flemish, and old French painters.\* The beautiful Galerie d'Apollon, also on this floor, contains the splendid gems, enamels, and old furniture. It takes days and days to gain any idea of the beautiful and wonderful things in the Louvre.

In 1871 the Communists tried to burn down this magnificent building, but their purpose was stayed, though not till after mischief had been done.

The Minister of Finance has his offices in the north wing of the new Louvre, opposite the Palais Royal.

The central buildings of the fine old palace of

\* We understand the arrangement of the pictures in the Louvre is in course of alteration.

the Tuileries were entirely destroyed: only the north and south wings are left. These connect with the corresponding wings of the new Louvre, and the larger part of even these remains has been rebuilt. The main building of the Tuileries, which fronted the gardens, and stretched across from the Rue de Rivoli almost to the Pont Royal, was ruthlessly burned, in 1871, by the Communists, before the troops could prevent its destruction. Formerly the ground on which this palace stood was covered by tile-kilns, *tuileries*, hence its name.

In 1564 Queen Catherine de Medicis began to build this palace, and succeeding French kings finished it, but they seldom resided there; they seem to have preferred the Louvre, and later on Versailles. After the outbreak of the Revolution, Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the royal family were compelled to return here from Versailles, escorted by the people to the very gates of the palace; later on, after their attempt to escape and their recapture, they were brought back to the Tuileries, and remained there till they were taken to the prison of the Temple. At the Restoration, the Tuileries was the royal and imperial residence until the Franco-German war of 1870.

The Pavillon de Flore was used by Marie Antoinette for evening receptions. It is in the south wing, which has been restored since the fire of 1871, and it is now occupied by the Colonial Minister and his staff.

The airy Tuileries Gardens stretch right away westward to the Place de la Concorde, once the blood-stained Place de la Révolution. The larger portion

of these gardens was re-planned more than two hundred years ago, in the time of Louis Quatorze. Some of the orange trees which are put out in their tubs in summer-time, and form a most remarkable avenue along these gardens, are said to be nearly four hundred years old, and may have belonged to Louise d'Angoulême. The Tuileries Gardens are especially resorted to by children and their nurses, and here may be seen many amusing and characteristic traits illustrating the ways and manners of the daintily dressed children of Paris. The large eight-sided basin near the Place de la Concorde is sometimes a very pretty sight; boats with gay streamers, and mimic ships with yellow and red and orange sails, make a toy flotilla in the basin. Sometimes their young owners race them side by side, or they are launched from opposite sides, and the collision, when they meet, causes a hubbub of excitement among the juvenile bystanders.

North of the new Louvre, on the farther side of the Rue de Rivoli, stands the Palais Royal, formerly the Palais Cardinal, for it was built by Cardinal Richelieu. The original palace has suffered greatly from fire, and has been more than once rebuilt. The Conseil d'Etat has its offices here, and the palace is closed to the public. Behind it is its long garden, with seats, and here a band plays in summer-time. There are shops under the colonnade which surrounds the garden, and their windows, chiefly stocked with jewellery and watches, make a most attractive display, the goods being arranged with exquisite taste. There are also several cheap restaurants and cafés in the

Palais Royal ; but the Duval Bouillon establishments have greatly interfered with these restaurants. The Palais Royal nowadays is almost deserted for the great boulevards, with their gay and glittering shop-fronts.

It was into this garden of the Palais Royal that a man frantically rushed from the Café de Foy on Sunday, July 12th, 1789. This was Camille Desmoulins. Springing on a table, he in thrilling words, and without the hesitating speech that often characterised him, called out, "To arms, citizens!" and incited the people to open revolt. He snatched leaves from the trees and bade his audience wear the green badge in token of their resolve to fight their oppressors ; they were starving ; he bade them fight for food for their children, for liberty. "To arms, to arms!" he repeated. But here was the difficulty, the people did not know where to find arms ; till it leaked out next day that Monsieur de Sombreuil, at the Hôtel des Invalides, had in his charge some 28,000 muskets. Armed with these, the people marched on the Bastille, forced its governor, de Launay, to surrender the fortress, and then they demolished it.

Three-quarters of a mile eastwards, along the Rue de Rivoli, we come to the splendid building called the Hôtel de Ville. This was another of the fine old palaces of Paris on which the reckless mob, during the Commune of 1871, spent their senseless fury ; they utterly destroyed the old building by fire. It was one of the finest examples of the Renaissance period, begun in the reign of Francis I., finished early in the following century, and considerably added to and enlarged in the beginning of the nineteenth.

The present Hôtel de Ville was built soon after the old one was burned, in 1871. The form and style are the same as those of the old building, but still more magnificent. It is said to have cost £2,000,000. The Hôtel de Ville stands in a spacious square close to the Seine, and can be well seen. It is difficult to call to mind any modern civil building so beautiful as this. Rich as the façade is, the ornament thereon is not redundant, the pavilions of the centre and of each corner rise above the rest of the building, and with their Mansard roofs and rich gables are as solid as they are picturesque. The clock-tower rising above the grand mass gives elegance to the whole. It is said that the statues of noteworthy men born in Paris, which decorate the building, are a hundred in number. The exquisite sculpture of these, of the mouldings and other ornament, testifies to the thoroughness of detail.

The Prefect of the Seine, the chief magistrate of Paris, lives in the Hôtel de Ville, and has his offices there. It was at one of the windows of the Hôtel de Ville that King Louis XVI., October 6th, 1789, was forced to show himself to the people, wearing the tricolour cockade.\* In the succeeding revolutions of 1830, 1848, and 1871, the Hôtel de Ville was the temporary headquarters of the party in power.

At the corner of the streets Hôtel de Ville and Figuier, is a most interesting old house, a choice example of domestic architecture at the close of the

\* The King had previously, on the 17th July, 1789, shown himself at a balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, with a tricolour cockade in his hat.  
—See CARLYLE'S *French Revolution*.

fifteenth century. This is the Hotel de Sens, built by the Archbishop of Sens for a town house for the see. The large bartisan turrets are very remarkable, and give great originality to the house. It now belongs to a private individual. There are many interesting old houses in the quarter of the Marais near here.

If we go on from the Hôtel de Ville by the Pont d'Arcole to the Ile de la Cité, cross the Pont au Double, and then go along the Rue du Dante to the Boulevard St. Germain, we shall come, on the left, to the fine half Gothic, half Renaissance, Hôtel de Cluny, built by the abbots of Cluny in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Roman Emperor Constantius Chlorus is said to have built a palace on this site at the end of the third, or the first years of the fourth century; the palace was used as a residence by the Roman emperors and the succeeding Frankish kings. These kings, as has been said, afterwards built themselves a royal palace on the Ile de la Cité, the site of which is now occupied by the Palais de Justice. The ancient Roman palace was of vast dimensions; a part of it, the baths, still remains, joining the Hôtel Cluny, and goes by the name of Le Palais des Thermes.

The Hôtel or Musée de Cluny contains an amazing collection of old furniture, carvings, tapestry, faïence, enamels, jewels, gold and silver plate and ornaments, paintings, bronzes, Venetian glass, weapons, armour, and curios of all sorts and periods; altogether more than 11,000 objects are to be found here.

The remains of the Roman Palais des Thermes are imposing, the chief hall being more than 60 feet

long, about 60 feet high, and nearly 40 feet wide. Some Roman antiquities are kept in this hall.

This Hôtel de Cluny has associations especially interesting to Britons. Mary Tudor, sister of our Henry VIII., the young widow of Louis XII., took up her residence here, and the chamber she occupied still goes by the name of *La Reine Blanche*, the mourning worn by French queens being always white. James V. of Scotland was also lodged in the Hôtel de Cluny, when he visited Paris in order to marry Magdalen, daughter to Francis I. of France.

Crossing the Boulevard St. Michel, and turning on the right down the Rue Racine, we cross the Place de l'Odéon, and then proceed on the left along the Rue de Condé; we have only left the Musée Cluny a few minutes, when we reach the Palace of the Luxembourg in the Rue de Vaugirard.

A large part of this palace was built for Marie de Medicis, after the death of her husband, Henri Quatre; it has been a good deal altered in this century, and is now used as the palace of the French Senate. It is not shown to the public. The President of the Senate lives in the Petit Luxembourg, a wing to the west of the palace, of about the same period. It was to decorate the saloons of the Luxembourg that Rubens painted his famous series of pictures, twenty-one in number, relating to Marie de Medicis, a series which was transferred to the galleries of the Louvre when the palace was in 1779 given to the King's brother, the Count of Provence, as a residence. Farther west, in the Luxembourg Gardens, we come to the Musée, a gallery containing



the works of living French artists, formerly the orangery of the palace. This collection is said to possess the best works of modern French sculptors and painters; several of the sculptures are especially fine. As a rule, ten years after the artist's death his works are transferred hence to the Louvre or the provinces.

South of the palace are the extensive and beautiful Luxembourg public gardens, much resorted to by the people; on one side they are thickly planted with trees, and on a hot day the seats under these form a delightful resting-place.

There are several fine oleanders on the terrace below the steps, but as a whole the gardens are not well supplied with flowers. In that part of the gardens near the Musée, men play lawn tennis and croquet on the gravel walks with much enthusiasm, after the work of the day is over.

The Hôtel des Invalides, though it never was a palace, is a very palatial building, some 500 or 600 yards from the new Pont Alexandre III. The "Invalides" was built towards the end of the seventeenth century by Louis XIV., as an asylum for aged and invalided soldiers. It is of vast extent, and covers many acres of ground. Part of it consists of the church of St. Louis; the splendid gilded dome, nearly 350 feet high, is conspicuous from far and near. Beneath the lofty dome is the imposing granite sarcophagus of Napoleon I.

The Hôtel des Invalides contains a remarkable collection of ancient and modern weapons, of armour and other things connected with the science of war.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE STREETS AND BOULEVARDS

IT is difficult for anyone to be long in Paris without noticing, and indeed becoming infected by, the love of pleasure that appears to be so general in French men and women, especially in Parisians. One feels that dear old, picturesque, grimy London is the place to work in and to think in, but in beautiful, bright Paris work seems out of place. One must enjoy one's self: the very atmosphere sparkles with gaiety, there is amusement on every side. There certainly is an almost unlimited supply of material for serious admiration and study, but at first, at any rate, the pleasure spirit prevails.

Certainly Paris is greatly indebted, in respect of outside show, to Louis XIV., to Napoleon I., and, above all, to Bonaparte's nephew, Napoleon III. At the present day, in spite of all the injury and wanton destruction now and again perpetrated in times of revolution by the maddened people, Paris is about the most splendid of existing cities. No doubt at the time the improvements were made there was another side to the picture in the shape of reckless expenditure, but now that is perhaps forgotten, and we almost forgive it when we see the grand results thereby attained.

In London we are making or proposing to make some fine streets; we are erecting imposing buildings

and statues, but we do our improvements slowly and piecemeal. Doubtless we are wiser in our generation, and more cautious in our methods, but in all probability we shall be well on into the twentieth century before we have made London, so far as its buildings and streets are concerned, at all worthy to be the capital city of the largest and most powerful empire the world has ever seen.

Vested interests are so much considered with us, that it is doubtful if London will ever become a really handsome city, consisting chiefly of fine broad thoroughfares with noble and symmetrical buildings. Our parks and public gardens are delightful, and perhaps more satisfactory (barring the statues) than those of any other European city; but even our grandest monuments, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, and they are very fine, cannot be well seen externally, because they are crowded in by other buildings; while the home we have made for our priceless collection of old masters in such a poor building as the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, is a disgrace to our wealthy nation. No master-mind seems ever to have been at work in planning out London; it has come, as it were, accidentally, and at haphazard.

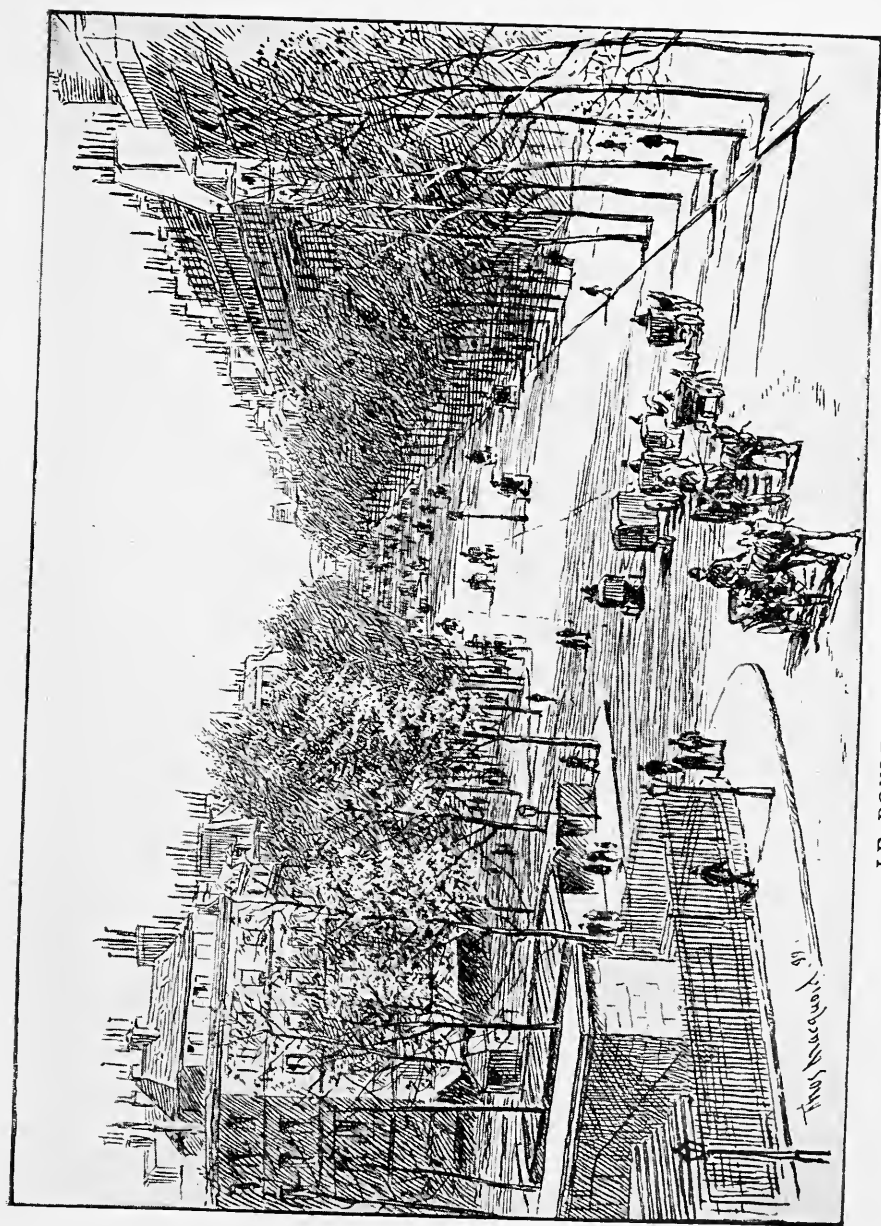
Roughly speaking, Paris may be divided into three portions: first, the northern part, or Paris on the right bank of the Seine; secondly, the islands of La Cité and of St. Louis; and thirdly, the southern part on the left bank of the river.

From early days Paris has always been girdled by a system of fortifications; these from time to

time have been enlarged, and the city is at this date surrounded by a huge ring of defences which measures in extent more than twenty-one miles. The last fortifications were begun in 1840, finished in about five years, and cost, it is said, between £5,000,000 and £6,000,000 sterling. A wide moat extends round the ramparts, and beyond these are several detached forts for additional protection against invasion. It is probable that the ramparts before long will be still farther extended.

Old Paris as it was early in the seventeenth century, before the extensive alterations and additions made under Louis XIV. and the Bonapartes, may yet be traced by following the line of the Grands Boulevards. On the north side of the Seine they stretch out nearly three miles, beginning at the church of the Madeleine and going eastwards to the Place de la Bastille, the site of the famous or infamous fortress, a state prison destroyed by the people at the outbreak of the Revolution of 1789.

The limits of old Paris on the south side of the river are marked partly by the Boulevard St. Germain, and by the palace and gardens of the Luxembourg, the Sorbonne or University, and the Maison de Cluny. The Grand Monarque destroyed the old fortifications, or boulevards (bulwarks). Louis Quatorze was despotically addicted to the removal of fortifications, whether they belonged to cities or châteaux; he created in place of these bulwarks broad roads, planted them on either side with trees, and called them still by the old name boulevard. He also caused to be erected four



LE BOULEVARD DE LA MADELEINE.



triumphal arches, named after the great boulevards themselves; of these there still remain the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin. Paris therefore owes to Louis XIV. the creation of her most characteristic and distinctive feature, the boulevards.

Just within the fortifications, and surrounding the city, is a complete circle of boulevards. Many of its sections bear the name of one of the First Napoleon's marshals—Soult, Murat, Ney, and others.

The most important of the old great boulevards are the Boulevards de la Madeleine, des Capucines, des Italiens, Montmartre, Poissonnière. This great series of boulevards ends at Boulevard Beaumarchais, on the Place de la Bastille.

Napoleon III. greatly improved Paris by sweeping away old streets and creating broad and airy boulevards in place of them. He made the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, called in his time Avenue de l'Impératrice, the Avenue Friedland, the Boulevard Haussmann, etc. One enormously long modern boulevard traverses Paris from north to south. It begins at the Strasbourg Railway Station, and is called Boulevard de Strasbourg till it crosses Boulevard St. Denis and becomes Boulevard de Sébastopol; it then crosses the river by the Pont au Change, and is called Boulevard St. Michel till it reaches Place Denfert-Rochereau, south of the city. Very many other boulevards circle round or traverse Paris, and all of them, especially those near the Seine, are full of busy life. Every sort of vehicle, from the huge, heavily laden steam trams to the dainty little victorias, with white-hatted cochers, reckless over whom they

drive, make a perpetual clatter of traffic; while in the more fashionable quarters the daintily decked shop-fronts form a constant attraction to groups of gazers. The bon-bon and chocolate shops are especially wonderful in their tasteful arrangement; so are the comestible shops, which would tempt the appetite of even an unhungry gazer.

Paris is not the noisiest of Continental cities, but it is less quiet than London. The whole place, except in the aristocratic quarters, seems to be wide awake, and very much alive in early morning. Street cries are especially noticeable as the hawkers ply their busy trade; and motor-cars deafen one.

But though the traffic in Paris is noisier, it is not so dense as that in some parts of London—in the City, for instance, the Strand, or in Holborn—yet in Paris it appears more bewildering to the foot-passenger, because of the want of order. The Parisian police, or *gardiens de la paix*, are not nearly so much in evidence as our London “men in blue.” The coachmen in Paris seem to drive where they please, and if a policeman holds up a restraining hand the drivers of the public vehicles do not pay much attention to his warning. At very crowded parts, near the great boulevards and the Gare St. Lazare, a *gardien de la paix* may occasionally be seen holding up a white bâton. It is therefore necessary to be very careful in the more crowded places in crossing the streets. The little victorias skim past in such happy-go-lucky fashion that the only wonder is there are not more frequent accidents. It must be borne in mind that wheeled



traffic in Paris keeps, or is said to keep, to the right, and not to the left of the road, as in England.

But noisy, bustling Paris has its resting-places and its leisurely people. The island of St. Louis, although close to a whirl of life and business, is quiet and dull—a great contrast to the gay and lively boulevards.

Then there are the anglers, who, regardless of all distractions, follow their peaceful, though seemingly hopeless, pastime on the banks of the muddy Seine. The feat may have been done, but we never saw anyone catch a fish in the Seine in Paris with a line.

The poodle-shearers are rather more active, but they, too, pursue their ingenious craft basking in the sun on the river's banks. One may often see a poodle on his back, held firmly between the operator's knees as he or she deftly removes the fur according to the approved mode.

Others who take life easily, but these no doubt are not Parisians, are the men who guide the great floating rafts down the river. One day, as we stood on the Pont des Arts, a huge raft of logs came floating slowly down the stream. The structure must have been more than 200 feet long, and many feet wide. There were two men at one end, and one man at the other; each of them had a great oar to guide the raft. The large logs, or rather tree-trunks composing it, were fastened loosely together by ropes and chains in a series of three or four lengths, and many logs in width. Numerous empty barrels were attached, to give the structure buoyancy. Here and there were some bundles of sticks and twigs for the men to stand upon; the water came right over some

of the logs, and the wash from each passing steamer threatened to submerge the whole structure. One of the men complacently smoked a pipe while he walked his risky way from barrel to barrel to see that the water had not got into them.

The modern fashionable quarter for dwelling-houses lies in the Chaussée d'Antin, and west of the Madeleine, near the Elysée, in the Champs Elysées, in the district of the Faubourg St. Honoré. The old French aristocracy chiefly inhabits the Faubourg St. Germain, facing the Tuileries, on the opposite side of the Seine. The famous Quartier Latin, the resort of students and art-workers, lies east of the Faubourg St. Germain. This is the learned corner of Paris. Here we find the University, most of the colleges, schools, and scientific institutions.

This has been regarded for centuries as the students' quarter. Behind the church of the Sorbonne is the Lycée Louis-le-grand, founded in the sixteenth century by Francis I., and rebuilt by the Jesuits in 1680. On the Place du Panthéon, close by, is the Lycée Henri Quatre, built on the remains of the old Abbey of Ste. Geneviève.

The Faubourg St. Antoine, on the north side of the Seine near the Place de la Bastille, is the manufacturing quarter, and contains the dwellings of artisans. We find here cabinet-makers, wood-carvers, carpenters—all the most useful trades; and in revolutionary times the outbreak has usually proceeded from or is fomented in this quarter.

Besides the museums already mentioned there is yet another—the very interesting Musée Carnavalet,

a beautiful building begun early in the sixteenth century and finished a hundred years later ; it stands in the Rue Sévigné, which leads on the left from the Rue de Rivoli as you go to the Place de la Bastille, just where the Rue de Rivoli changes its name to Rue St. Antoine. The Maison Carnavalet was the town house of Madame de Sévigné from 1677 to 1696. It is now a municipal museum, and contains objects relating to the history of Paris from early down to recent times. Various objects can be seen here connected with the revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848. Some of the sculpture on the building is the work of the famous Jean Goujon, 1520-72.

In the Rue de Richelieu, just north of the Palais Royal, we find the wonderful Bibliothèque Nationale, or the National Library of France, said to be the largest in the world. The Palais Mazarin formerly stood on this site, built by the powerful and crafty minister of the early days of Louis XIV. Very little is left of the original building.

The library comprises four divisions :—

1. First there are printed books and maps, some 3,000,000 volumes, many of them very rare and splendidly bound.

2. About 100,000 volumes of manuscripts.

3. A large collection of medals, coins, ancient inscriptions, gems, cameos.

4. About 2,500,000 engravings.

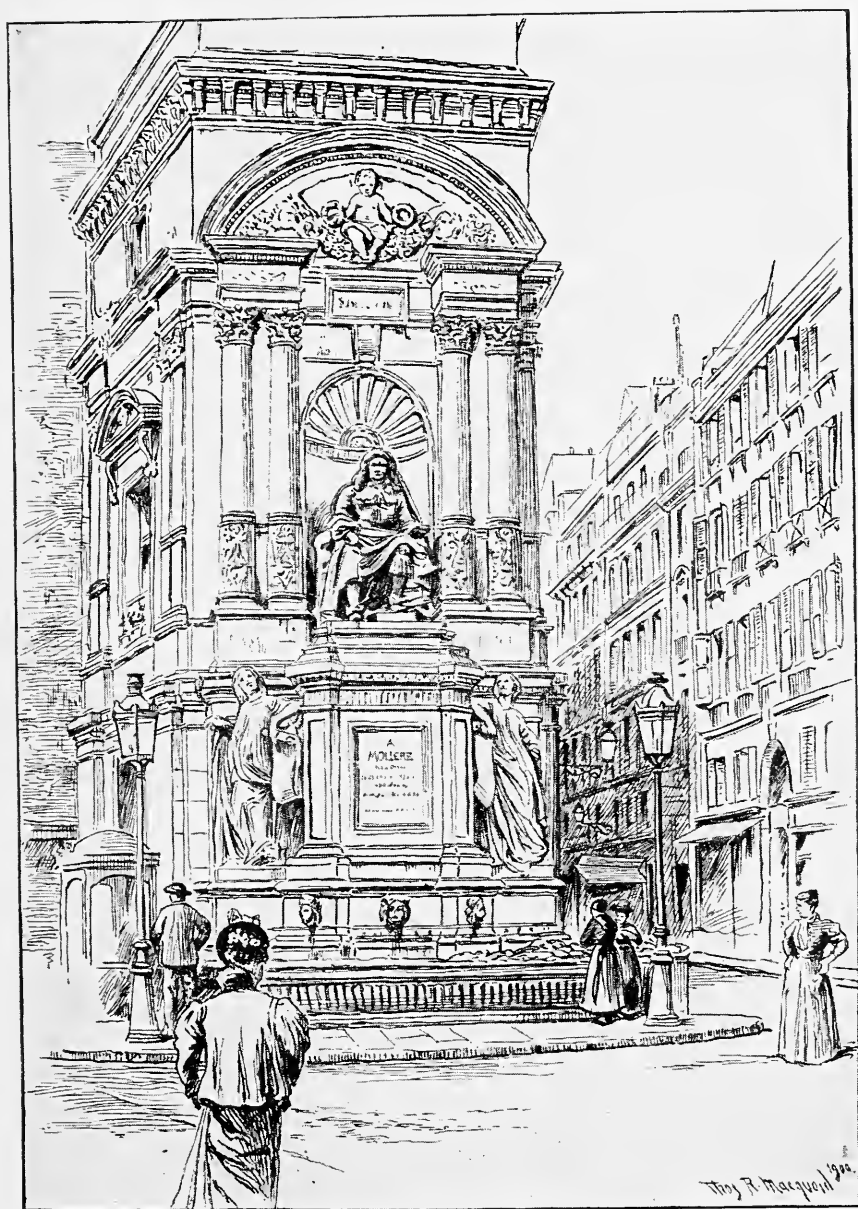
The Salle de Travail, or general reading-room, is not so fine as that in the British Museum.

On the other side of the Rue de Richelieu, on the right as you walk towards the Louvre, an imposing

and handsome modern fountain has been erected in honour of Molière.

There are other fine libraries in Paris. There is the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, near the Boulevard Henri Quatre, Rue de Sully; the Bibliothèque Ste. Geneviève, near the Panthéon; the Bibliothèque Mazarine, adjoining the Institut de France across the river; and the Bibliothèque de la Ville, close to the Musée Carnavalet.

The French nation has a great respect for its dead; even the more thoughtless Parisians, inferior as they are in many ways to provincials, pay much regard to the last resting-places of their friends and relatives. On the 2nd of November, All Souls' Day, most of the respectable artisans, freethinkers though they be, make a point of visiting a cemetery with wreaths of *immortelles*. The largest and most interesting of Parisian cemeteries is Père-la-Chaise, rather more than a mile north-east of the Place de la Bastille. It is of considerable extent—about 110 acres, and it contains many fine tombs. All sorts of distinguished people have been buried there, or monuments have been erected to their memory. Abélard and Héloïse, Molière, La Fontaine, Béranger, Thiers, Balzac, Michelet, Scribe, Edmond About, Alfred de Musset, Emile Souvestre, Chopin, Cherubini, Auber, Bizet, Ingres, Talma, Rachel, and many others, including Déjazet, the well-known comic actress; here lie also several of Napoleon's marshals. The northern cemetery is that of Montmartre, which is also full of interest; and right away to the south is the cemetery of Mont Parnasse. Altogether there are more than twenty burial-grounds in Paris.



LA FONTAINE MOLIÈRE.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THEATRES AND AMUSEMENTS

ALL sorts of amusements are to be found in Paris; and the French being a nation of actors, there is no lack of theatres.

Chief among these is the magnificent new Opera House, designed by Charles Garnier. This, said to be the largest and most splendid theatre in existence, stands north of the Boulevard des Capucines and the Grand Hotel. The fine new Avenue de l'Opéra leads up from the Théâtre Français to the Opera House, and was made in order that a striking view might be had of the building from a distance; the French foresight and eye for proportion in regard to general effect are very remarkable in such matters. The Opera House was completed in 1874; it took thirteen years to build, and, including the price of the ground on which it stands, it cost nearly £2,000,000. The outside is disappointing, but the exigencies of a theatre seem to militate against the production of a fine whole in regard to its exterior, especially when all the building can be seen. The most striking part of this exterior is the front, or façade, adorned with fine statues and masses of sculpture, representing Poetry, Music, Drama, Declamation, Song, and Dance. But once inside the sumptuous building we are aware of the difference between it and other theatres. When the doors are opened to holders of reserved seats

only a few persons are allowed to pass at a time to the staircase; and this staircase is the crowning glory of the building—it is probably the most splendid thing of the kind in the world. Seen for the first time at night, brilliantly lighted by electricity, it makes one gape with wonder, and suggests the staircase of a fairy tale or of the Caliph's in the *Arabian Nights*. The columns and steps are of the finest white marble, the handrail is in onyx, the balusters of *rosso antico*, the ceilings are adorned with paintings, and the bronzework of the lamps is very fine. All the materials are the very best, and their reality adds solidity to the splendour of the general effect, which is certainly overpowering. Yet this is only the entrance to a theatre! The French are truly a strange and wonderful people.

The foyer, or public promenade, which can be seen between the acts, is a showy feature of the building; nearly 200 feet in length, it extends along the front of the Opera House, above the portico. The foyer is very rich in marble and sculpture, it glitters with electric light and great mirrors; but the ornamentation is overdone, it is very inferior to the staircase in point of taste. The ceiling is decorated and has fine paintings by Baudry, but it is difficult to see them well.

From the foyer you can step on to the loggia, look out over the Place de l'Opéra and the Boulevard des Capucines, and enjoy some delightful fresh air.

The auditorium is richly decorated in red and gold; but here, again, the ornament is too profuse, and the effect is heavy. The ceiling is elaborately painted,



and the great crystal chandelier produces a glorious mass of light.

The singing and acting are of course first rate ; the chorus and orchestra are of the highest quality ; the ballet and *premières danseuses* as good as they can be ; while the pieces are splendidly mounted. During the opera season, performances are given Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays ; in winter also on Saturdays. The price of places is high, and all good seats are booked early or taken *en location*, as it is called.

The Théâtre Français,\* which is owned by the society called the Comédie Française, takes the first place among the theatres ; it adjoins one end of the Palais Royal. The present theatre was built at the end of the eighteenth century. The finest acting in Paris is to be seen here, and the plays are almost always of a superior kind—tragedies, comedies, and dramas. It is sickening to remember that through much of the Reign of Terror sentimental plays were acted here, until Collot d'Herbois sent the actors to prison, whence they were finally delivered only after the ninth Thermidor and the execution of Robespierre. All the great French actors have appeared in turn at the Théâtre Français—Talma, Mdle. Mars, Jeanne Ollivier, Julie Candaille, Rachel, and others. The great Sarah Bernhardt was a shining light of the Comédie Française, but she has quitted the society and has set up a theatre of her own. At the Français they still sometimes act the plays of Molière, Corneille, Racine, and

\* The Théâtre Français was destroyed by fire on the 8th March 1900—while this book was passing through the press.

other old dramatists, but they more frequently give modern dramas. When the theatre is open, you can go any night to the Français, and though you may not care for the piece, the acting is almost sure to be of the best quality: it is acting pure and simple; there is no music, and very little scenery, to help out the performance. This theatre has famous traditions. Here, in 1784, Beaumarchais, after years of opposition, succeeded in producing his *Mariage de Figaro*, the famous and brilliant comedy which so ridiculed and stigmatised the vices of the ruling classes, the nobility, and their avowed privileges, that Louis Seize is said to have exclaimed, when the piece submitted to him for approval was read aloud by Madame Campan, "It is detestable; it shall never be performed!"

But it happened that the King's brothers, Messieurs les Comtes de Provence et d'Artois, had seen the play privately acted at a friend's country house, and so many arguments were urged in its favour—arguments, it is said, enforced by Marie Antoinette—that the *Mariage de Figaro* was performed at the Français and met with an extraordinary success. Its open and witty mockery of the nobles and their heartless vices helped to break down the barriers of serf-like respect and obedience, and doubtless hastened on the outbreak of the Revolution. It was at this first performance that Jeanne Ollivier, then a charming girl of sixteen, created the character of Cherubino.

This theatre is a very storehouse of the full-length portraits, drawings, medallions, bronzes,

marble statues, and accessories connected with actors, actresses, and the drama, amassed since the Comédie Française was founded as an institution, in the time of Louis Quatorze. The collection in the foyer, of marble statues and busts of famous dramatists and actors, is of the greatest interest; many others are in the halls, lobbies, and passages.

There are other notable theatres — the Opéra Comique, for light opera, lately rebuilt near the Boulevard des Italiens, in the Place Boieldieu; the Odéon, north-east of the Luxembourg, for high-class tragedy, comedy, and drama; the Gymnase, near the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, where comedies are performed; the Variétés, south of the Boulevard Montmartre, for operettas and farces; the Vaudeville, near the Opera House, at a corner of the Boulevard des Capucines, chiefly for comedies; the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt; Théâtre du Palais Royal; Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens, in the Rue Montigny; Théâtre Porte St. Martin; the Folies Dramatiques, on the Boulevard St. Martin; and many more.

The Opera House, the Français, the Odéon, and the Opéra Comique all receive support from the State, which grants them subsidies of various amounts.

It is said that most of the theatres in Paris do not prosper as they used to do, and that the café concerts, which resemble our music halls and variety entertainments, are now more popular. Two of the largest and best-known of these places of entertainment are the Folies Bergère in the Rue Richer, and Olympia on the Boulevard des Capucines.

Concerts and art exhibitions of course abound.

There are also several large circuses, panoramas, and skating-rinks. The public masked balls at the Opera House for fashionable people, and the dances at the Bal Bullier in the Quartier Latin for students and others, present characteristic features of Parisian amusement.

A French circus is nearly always clever and worth seeing. At the Nouveau Cirque in the Rue St. Honoré a first-rate performance is given, consisting of evolutions by highly trained little ponies, very funny clowns, clever dances, graceful riding *à la haute école*, wonderful acrobat bicyclists and unicyclists; there is to be seen Rapoli, a marvellous balancer and juggler, he is almost a magician; bicycle racing on sloping boards placed round the arena, over which the competitors race at fearful speed. Then the carpeting is taken away, the wooden floor of the arena sinks, and water gushes in to the depth of about 18 inches. A pantomimic performance takes place over stepping-stones and across this shallow water; a carriage and pair drives through it; a bicyclist falls off his machine into it; a gendarme and others go to the rescue, and all fall in.

Finally the flooring sinks still deeper; there is a fresh gush of water; the arena has become a deep pond. A young woman plunges in from a platform more than 50 feet above; others dive across or perform acrobatic feats in the water; other young women go through a series of pretty figures in it. Finally a man enveloped in flames dives from the lofty platform amid a roar of applause.

The most popular form of amusement seems to be

found in the races at Longchamp, at Vincennes, at Auteuil, at Chantilly, or further afield at Saint-Ouen, at Maison-Lafitte, at Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and other places. There are constant races at Longchamp and some others of these localities; they seem to last from February to December, and are always thronged with spectators. There is no space in which to speak of the Clubs and Cercles in Paris; or of that grim form of amusement which some visitors find in exploring the famous sewers and Catacombs, each a subterranean city in itself. After all, the gayest and most characteristic sights are to be found in the fine streets and on the boulevards, filled with chattering and excitable throngs; in the cosmopolitan nature of the crowds sitting outside the open cafés till their chairs encroach on the pavement, lively folk who greet their acquaintance with polite enthusiasm, sip their coffee, their beer, their sorbets and sirops, and absinthe, the mingling of which last drink with sugar and iced water is a lengthy and much-enjoyed performance. Then there is the outwardly careless waiter, his serviette on shoulder, who seems to have no thought but to drive away the flies, yet he watches every movement, and anticipates every want among his customers. The streets and squares are gay with kiosques, quaint little painted towers for selling newspapers; noisy with cries from the hawkers; and fantastic with numerous quaintly shaved poodles; above all, there is the attraction of the charming shop windows, filled with tempting goods displayed so as to be in their very arrangement works of art in exquisite taste.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE ARC DE L'ÉTOILE—BOIS DE BOULOGNE—  
ST. DENIS—VINCENNES

THE French have been very successful in giving an impression of space and atmosphere in their beautiful city; the presence of the river flowing through its centre doubtless helps this effect, and it is curious to remember that the keynote of the long open vista that spreads from the Place du Carrousel to the Arc de l'Étoile was the result of an accident. When Louise Duchess of Angoulême, the mother of Francis I., was Regent, she could not endure, in summer-time, the noisome atmosphere of the ill-drained palace of the Tournelles, at that time the royal residence; she removed during summer to a villa near the site on which the Tuileries was afterwards built and bought a large piece of ground, which she used as a garden. It is strange to think of two such women as Louise d'Angoulême and Catherine de Medicis caring for the pleasures of a garden; for Catherine, when she began to build the Tuileries, enlarged Louise's garden to about its present dimensions.

The Place du Carrousel is within the long wings that connect the Louvre with the Tuileries, or what remains of that palace. And from the Place du Carrousel we command a grand view across the

Tuileries gardens and the Place de la Concorde to the broad Champs Elysées, with its pleasantly shaded seats, and the more restricted Avenue des Champs Elysées leading to the huge Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile.

The arch, supposed to be the largest triumphal arch in the world, was begun in 1806 by Napoleon Bonaparte to commemorate his successful battles. It was not, however, completed till 1836, in the reign of Louis Philippe.

The great arch is more than 160 feet high, nearly 150 feet wide, and over 70 feet deep. It is decorated with sculpture representing scenes principally relating to Napoleon's victories. Although nearly £500,000 have been spent on it, the Arc de l'Étoile is not yet completed; further sculpture was to have been placed on its top. The Arc de Triomphe, being on high ground, is a landmark from most parts of Paris and the environs, while from the platform at the summit there is a grand view of the city and surrounding country.

From the Place de l'Étoile avenues diverge in all directions; there are no less than twelve of these. Among them are the Avenue des Champs Elysées, the Avenue de Friedland, the Avenue Hoche, which goes to the Parc de Monceau, a pleasant and quiet resort where the grey statues are in charming contrast with the trees; the broad Avenue de la Grande Armée, which is a continuation of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, and the still more spacious Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

The great Bois de Boulogne lies to the west, and

though it is beyond the ring of fortifications, it is so greatly resorted to by all classes of Parisians that it seems to be a part of the city.

The Bois de Boulogne may be said to take the place of our Hyde Park, in London; but the Bois is very much bigger than any public park we have in or about London; it is, indeed, about as large as all the chief public parks of London put together.

Porte Maillot, the nearest corner of the Bois to the centre of Paris, is rather more than two miles from the Place de la Concorde.

The Bois de Boulogne once made part of the forest of Rouvray, which was Crown property. In 1852 Napoleon III. gave the Bois to the people of Paris, and it was elaborately laid out with lakes, rockeries, waterfalls, and charming walks; it contains about 2,250 acres. During the season, before *déjeuner à la fourchette*, equestrians and cyclists in great numbers take their morning rides there; later in the day, between five and six, fashionable folk dressed in all the latest novelties drive there in the smartest equipages; motor-cars have of late been very popular with "society" in Paris; they have, indeed, become a craze if not a nuisance. The most fashionable drive in the Bois is along the Allée de Longchamps, or des Acacias. In the evening the Bois is frequented by those who have been kept busy in Paris during the day.

From the Place de l'Étoile the Avenue de la Grande Armée leads through the fortifications straight to the Porte Maillot, and we enter the Bois de Boulogne to the left. Just here, at the corner



of the Avenue de Neuilly, is the fine Restaurant Gillet, but unless your purse is a long one beware of going in.

One says, as one enters the Bois, "This is charming!" but after a time the trimly kept roads and paths, the regularly planted little green trees, become monotonous, and one tires of the Bois. It is neither wild wood nor formal park, though it appears to be an attempt to combine both. It is, however, a great boon for the people, inasmuch as it prevents building on so large a space of ground, and acts as lungs to the city.

The road from the Porte Maillot leads by the Route de la Porte des Sablon to the Jardin d'Acclimatation. This is a most interesting place made for the purpose of introducing into France all sorts of useful or ornamental animals and plants. The gardens contain about fifty acres. A fête day or Sunday afternoon in summer or autumn is the most characteristic time to see the Jardin d'Acclimatation. Then all along the Champs Elysées and the Avenue de la Grande Armée there is a stream of bicycles, motor-cars of many varieties, as well as numbers of horsed carriages and foot-passengers. At the Arc de l'Étoile many of the carriages, cycles, and motors branch off along the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne; but the majority of pedestrians keep to the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and so by the Porte Maillot for half a mile to the Jardin d'Acclimatation.

At the entrance gates of the garden the people form long files, waiting their turn to pay for admission. On the left is the winter garden, a series

of greenhouses containing varieties of green-leaved plants, ferns, and many splendid specimens of palms. Beyond is the spacious palmarium, in which are numerous tree-palms of great size; but the chief part of it is used as a large concert hall for instrumental performances.

Adjoining the palmarium is a restaurant, with chairs and tables stretching into the gardens; the prices seem to be moderate.

On the right as you go into the gardens at this entrance are hothouses, then comes the museum and vivarium. Next is the monkey-house with indoor and outdoor cages. Then an extensive collection of poultry and pheasants in cages, many of which are open at the top.

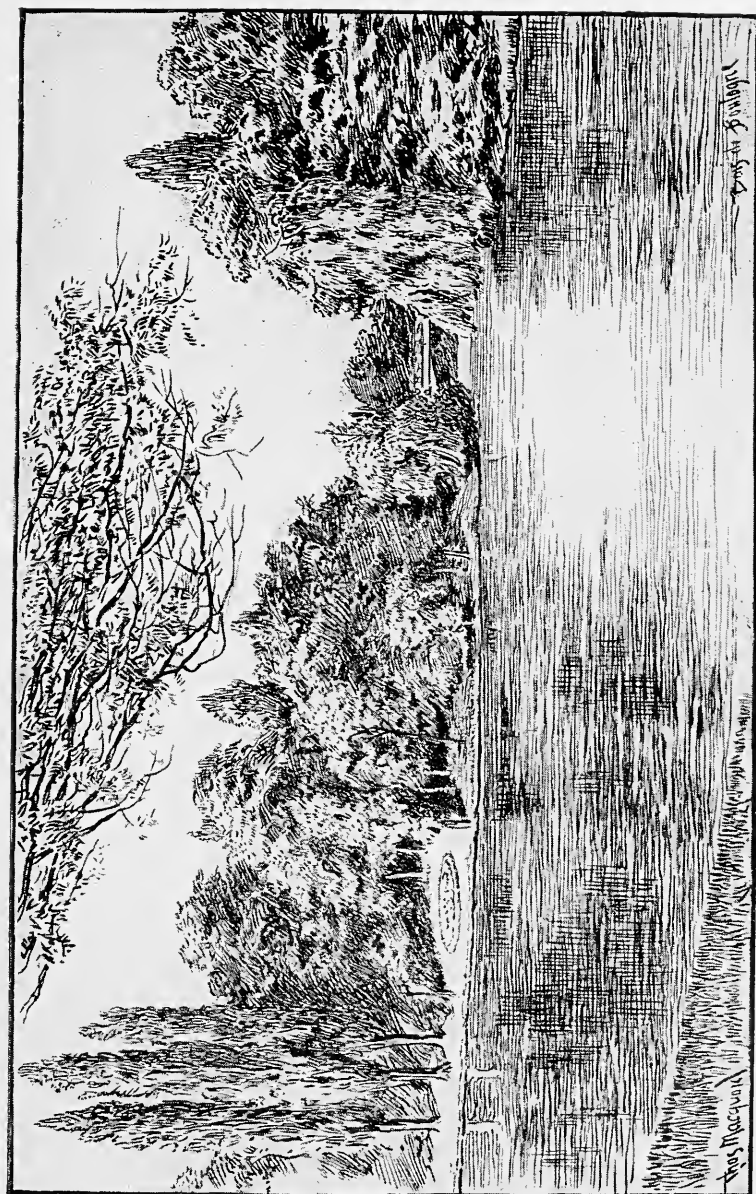
There are, on the left side of the walk, storks, flamingoes, ostriches, emus, and other birds.

At the end we have come to, near the Porte de Neuilly, are large stables for horses, ponies, camels, and elephants. Then there are zebras, giraffes, kangaroos, antelopes, goats, sheep, and other animals.

There is a water-basin with sea-lions. The aquarium is small, and not of great interest.

In the parrot-house are several fine macaws and many smaller parrots. Outside this are bears, panthers, eagles, and vultures. There is also a series of cages of wild and domestic dogs.

The favourite drive to the Bois de Boulogne from the Place de l'Étoile is along the fine Avenue du Bois de Boulogne; the sides of this wide avenue appear to be a paradise for nurses and children of the well-to-do. Before long we come to the fortifi-



LE LAC INFÉRIEUR, BOIS DE BOULOGNE.



cations and the Porte Dauphine, and are in the Bois de Boulogne; the Route de Suresnes on the left leads to the Lac Inférieur, a picturesque piece of water, about twenty-seven acres in extent with two islands; the smaller Lac Supérieur is immediately to the south.

Just outside on the north of the Bois is the pleasant suburb of Neuilly. Formerly there was a château here, a favourite residence of Louis Philippe; it was destroyed during the Revolution of 1848. Since then the park has been cut up for building purposes. The professional men of Paris seem to have a fancy for living at Neuilly. A fair takes place there at the end of June, and lasts for more than a fortnight; it is amusing, and is greatly patronised by Parisians.

In the southern part of the Bois de Boulogne is the Hippodrome of Longchamp, where the chief flat horse races near Paris are run in March, April, May, June, and September, and are numerously attended.

The Champ de Courses d'Auteuil is at the opposite corner of the Bois; steeplechases and hurdle races are run here in spring, summer, and autumn.

It is an interesting sight after dark on a fête day or Sunday, as one returns from the Jardin d'Acclimatation and Bois de Boulogne by way of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, to watch the crowds of people in carriages, motor-cars, and on bicycles, including hosts of ladies in bloomers. Along this avenue there is a special asphalt track for cyclists only; many of the cyclists carry Chinese lanterns on their machines, or wave them in their hands.

The famous Abbey of St. Denis is well worth seeing, and is only five miles from Paris. For many centuries this was the last resting-place of the kings and queens of France. St. Denis is a busy town containing more than 50,000 inhabitants, and lies close to the Seine; its principal object of interest is the abbey church or cathedral. We go to St. Denis either by train from the Gare du Nord, train-tramway from station adjoining the Gare du Nord, or by tram which starts from the Madeleine, from the Opera House, or from the Place du Châtelet. The abbey is rather more than half a mile from the railway station. St. Denis is the patron saint of France, and "St. Denis," or "Montjoye St. Denis," was for a long period the war-cry of the French soldiers, and this was continued long after the banner of St. Denis, red silk covered with golden tongues, had fallen into disuse in the time of Louis XI. (1461-83).

Denis, or Dionysius, is said to have been the head of a band of missionaries sent from Rome to Gaul in the middle of the third century. He took up his residence in Lutetia, as Paris was then called, and became its first bishop. In the latter part of the century, under the persecution of either the Emperor Aurelius or the Emperor Valerian, St. Denis and two other Christians were killed, and their bodies were thrown into the Seine. Tradition says the bodies were rescued by a lady named Catalla; they were buried, and a chapel was built over their burial-place. In 636 A.D., the Frankish king Dagobert I., "Le Bon Roi Dagobert," founded the Benedictine Abbey of St. Denis. All sorts of famous events have

happened in this abbey; the great Charlemagne was anointed here with the sacred chrism; early in the twelfth century the standard of St. Denis, the royal red and gold oriflamme, the unfurling of which summoned the nation to arms, was placed above the high altar, by Louis le Gros; about the same time the Abbot Suger rebuilt the church. The monk Abélard lived for some time in the Abbey of St. Denis.

The church was again almost entirely rebuilt in the time of St. Louis, from 1226 to 1270. In 1593 Henri Quatre professed himself a Roman Catholic at St. Denis, and abjured the reformed faith in which he had been brought up; in the following year he captured Paris. Madame Louise, daughter of Louis Quinze, was Abbess of St. Denis.

The church was terribly injured during the Revolution beginning in 1789; the royal tombs were shamefully mutilated, and the bodies they contained were thrown indiscriminately into two great pits dug close by. The remains of these bodies were afterwards collected, so far as was possible, and put in the crypt, by the orders of Louis XVIII. Many of the effigies have been replaced, restored, or reconstructed; several of them had been preserved in a museum of monuments collected in Paris during the Revolution, by the art-loving painter, Alexandre Lenoir. Napoleon I. was married to Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, at St. Denis. Louis XVIII. tried to restore the fine old church, but the effort was so unsuccessful that the effect was worse than it had been in its mutilated condition. Napoleon III.

employed Viollet-le-Duc to restore it fitly, and the work has been thoroughly well done: the general effect inside is very rich and imposing; the exterior is rather uninteresting. One of the finest tombs is that in the north transept of Louis XII. and his wife, Anne of Brittany, by Jean Juste; not far off is the tomb of Henri Deux and Catherine de Medicis, this is also of sixteenth century work; the sculptor was Germain Pilon. The finest tomb at St. Denis is that of Francis I., his wife, Queen Claude, and three of their children. It is said that Philibert Delorme, Jean Goujon, and Germain Pilon all had a hand in this monument; it is on the south side of the church. In the choir there is a thirteenth century monument to Dagobert I. There are also the tombs of Bertrand du Guesclin, and the Connétable of France, Louis de Sancerre; the fine fourteenth century monument of Charles d'Etampes, and a curious tomb of Frédégonde. In the old crypt, dating from the time of Abbot Suger, are more tombs, monuments, and statues, but they are not nearly so interesting as those above.

Some twenty-five miles from Paris, on the du Nord Railway, is Chantilly. There is not much to see in this small town, but its château with the park and forest are full of interest and of historical associations.

This was the home of the Condés, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they lived here in true princely style. That part of the château called the châtelet dates from the sixteenth century, and here the great Condé, when he gave up a military life, spent his last years in study. It was here that



he received his royal cousin Louis XIV., and entertained him royally, though at that time Condé so greatly needed money that he was deeply in debt. When the Grand Monarque expressed a wish to possess the beautiful château with its park and extensive forest, and said as much to his princely host, "Sire, your Majesty is master here," Condé answered. "But I beg your Majesty to grant me this favour: let me live here as your intendant." It was during this costly visit that Vatel, the cook, ran himself through with his own sword, because none of the fish ordered from all the seaports in the kingdom had arrived in time for *déjeuner*. The Petit Château was built by the Montmorencys, and is a charming specimen of Renaissance work.

The great Condé's grandson built a splendid château at Chantilly in the time of Louis Quinze, but this was short-lived, being destroyed by the mob during the Great Revolution: about twenty years ago the Duc d'Aumale rebuilt it; he gave the château, and its splendid collections of pictures, tapestries, furnitures, and gems, to the Institut de France for the use of the public. The château, however, is only open to the public on Sunday and Thursday afternoons. The famous stables of the Condés still exist and afford room for about 200 horses. The race-course of Chantilly lies between the town and the forest; it is considered the best in France, and Chantilly is crowded during the races, which take place in May and in October. The Prix du Jockey Club, or the French "Derby," is run at Chantilly; racehorses are largely bred there.

Vincennes lies east of Paris, just beyond the fortifications, about five miles from the Louvre by tramway from the Place du Louvre. On the way, at the end of the Faubourg St. Antoine, we pass the Place de la Nation, once Place du Trône, because here, in 1660, after the Treaty of the Pyrenees, between France and Spain, the "Dieu-donné," Louis XIV., sat enthroned in state, and received the adulations of the people.

In the Reign of Terror, during June and July, 1794, the guillotine stood in the Place de la Nation. There is a basin in the midst of the Place, where a fountain plays, with some bronze figures, by Dalou, typifying the triumph of the Republic.

The tram quickly takes us to the old castle of Vincennes, begun in the twelfth century, and since added to from time to time. It was for a long period the home of royalty, and from the fifteenth to the present century was used as a state prison. The prisoners were confined in the stern-looking *donjon* or keep. Many famous people have been prisoners here: among them, Henri Quatre, when King of Navarre; the Grand Condé, the Duc de Beaufort, the Cardinal de Retz; Fouquet, the famous financial minister of Louis Quatorze; Mirabeau, and others. The château is no longer shown to the ordinary public, and is used as an artillery dépôt; to see it permission must be asked from the Minister of War. The fine Bois de Vincennes lies to the south of the château; it is a beautiful park, something like the Bois de Boulogne. The Bois de Vincennes is to the East-enders, or poor class of Parisians, the same

kind of recreation-ground that the Bois de Boulogne is to the West-end, or well-to-do citizens. The Bois de Vincennes covers about 2,275 acres, a still larger area than that of the Bois de Boulogne ; but Vincennes is rather spoiled by the large open space in its midst. This is chiefly used as exercising-ground for soldiers, a Champ de Manœuvres for artillery practice ; a part of it is used as a racecourse, the biggest of those near Paris. Like the Bois de Boulogne, the Bois de Vincennes was formerly part of a forest. It seems to have been replanted by Louis Quinze, and was opened as a public park forty years ago. It contains three lakes : the small Lac de St. Mandé ; south of this, the large Lac Daumesnil, or de Charenton, about fifty acres in extent, has two islands ; and east again of this is the Lac des Minimes, covering twenty acres, and containing three islands.

North of Vincennes are the renowned peach-orchards of Montreuil. They are of great extent, and are said to produce something like 20,000,000 peaches a year.

Within the fortifications to the north-east is a small park called Buttes Chaumont, a pretty but entirely artificial public garden, where even the little brook that flows through it, and forms a cascade, is the result of art. There are two bridges in this garden, and a lake with an island, on which is an imitation of the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli. The garden is on the side of the hill of Belleville.

The famous, or infamous, Gibbet of Montfaucon once stood near this spot. Restaurants are to be found in the Buttes Chaumont.

## CHAPTER X.

## ASNIÈRES—ST. CLOUD—VERSAILLES

MANY places of great interest near Paris can be seen in a day's excursion. The best-known and most popular of these is Versailles, that enormous palace which owes so much to the luxurious and splendour-loving King Louis Quatorze.

Versailles is eleven or twelve miles south-west of Paris; it can be reached either by rail or by tramway. A train starting from the Gare St. Lazare, on the right bank, takes us to about three-quarters of a mile from the palace; a train from the Gare Mont Parnasse, on the left bank, sets us down within half a mile of the vast building; but the tramway, which runs there direct from the Louvre, sets us down on the Place d'Armes, in front of the palace itself.

The line from St. Lazare passes Asnières, on the Seine, nearly four miles from Paris; this is a centre for boating and other outdoor amusements. A few miles further we come to Suresnes, near the Longchamp racecourse, in the Bois de Boulogne, where the Grand Prix de Paris is run in June. Two miles beyond Suresnes the train passes through St. Cloud. There was once a fine old palace here, a favourite residence of Marie Antoinette, and also of Napoleon I. It was in the orangery of St. Cloud, five years before he became Emperor, that Bonaparte, as he was then

called, ended the power of the Directory by expelling with his grenadiers the Council of Five Hundred, which held their sittings there, thus clearing the way for his own election as First Consul. Henri Trois was staying at St. Cloud when he was stabbed by the mad monk Jacques Clément. Napoleon III. often went to St. Cloud in summer-time; and here, in 1855, our own beloved Queen visited him with the Prince Consort.

Unfortunately, the Germans, when they besieged Paris during the Franco-German War, sheltered themselves in the palace, and it was destroyed by the shells of the French artillery. It has never been rebuilt. There is some very pretty scenery round St. Cloud, and from the terrace on which the palace once stood is a charming view of Paris and the Seine. The attractive park of nearly 1,000 acres is much resorted to by the Parisians on Sundays. The fine fountains usually play every other Sunday, or when the Versailles fountains are not playing.

Less than a kilomètre south of St. Cloud, and close to the Seine, is the famous manufactory of Sèvres porcelain. The workshops are shown, also the finest examples of Sèvres china. There is besides a most interesting collection of porcelain and pottery of all ages and kinds.

On a fine summer's day it is very enjoyable to go by steamer to Sèvres, St. Cloud, Suresnes, and the fort of Mont Valérien. Steamers for this excursion start from the Pont Royal near the Tuileries.

From the railway stations at Versailles tramcars run to the palace. This stupendous erection origin-

ated in a château built by Louis XIII. for a hunting-lodge in the midst of a large forest. A good deal of this château still remains, and forms the central portion of the present palace.

When Louis XIV. grew tired of the old royal dwelling at St. Germain en Laye, a few miles to the north, he determined to enlarge his father's hunting-lodge, and to create at Versailles a palace which should surpass all records for size and expenditure. The gardens appear to have demanded enormous labour, for the original soil was poor and sandy; the expense of building the palace and creating the gardens, fountains, and other works is said to have amounted to the prodigious sum of £40,000,000.

Mansard was Louis XIV.'s architect. The building was begun under him in 1661, and the Grand Monarque appears to have first gone to live at his famous palace in 1681 or 1682.

It was to Versailles that, in May, 1789, Louis Seize, by the advice of his famous minister, Neckar, summoned the Assembly of the États Généraux, consisting of the three orders of nobles, clergy, and commons, in order to take means for settling the disturbed state of the country. The Tiers État (Third Estate, or Commons) proposed that the three estates should hold council together; but this request was refused by both nobles and clergy, and consequently the Commons assembled at Versailles in June in the Salle du Jeu de Paume, or tennis-court, north of the Place d'Armes. Here, by constituting themselves the National Assembly, they committed the first deliberate act of revolt, an act speedily

followed in July by the taking and demolition of the Bastille by the people of Paris.

On the following 6th of October the frantic Paris mob, maddened by famine and the incitement of factious demagogues, tramped off to Versailles, killed the King's guard, and forced Louis Seize, the Queen, and their family to return to Paris. The furious mob greatly injured the Palace of Versailles, and since then it has not been used as a residence by French royalty; it was not thoroughly restored till Louis Philippe was elected King of the French in 1830. He spent nearly £1,000,000 on Versailles, and made the chief portion of it into a vast museum of works of art illustrative of the principal persons and events of French history.

During the Franco-German War, the Palace of Versailles became the headquarters of William, King of Prussia, the grandfather of the present Emperor. At the time of the Commune in 1871 the French Government and the army retired thither; the Government did not return to Paris till 1879.

The palace consists of a great central portion and two huge wings. In front the spacious Place d'Armes is railed off from the Cour d'Honneur. In this court are colossal statues of French worthies—Bertrand du Guesclin, Bayard, Sully, Cardinal Richelieu, Turenne, Condé, Colbert, Duquesne, and others—with an equestrian statue of Louis Quatorze in the middle.

The north wing contains the richly decorated chapel and the theatre. This theatre was built by Louis Quinze for Madame de Pompadour.

It is said that the singing of certain songs in this

theatre on the 2nd of October, 1789, at the Fête of the Garde du Corps, so exasperated the people when the news of it reached them, that it brought about a few days later the savage attack upon the palace. In 1855, the theatre was used as the supper-room for the grand ball given here in honour of our beloved Queen.

The art collections of Versailles are of vast extent, and of very unequal merit ; it is impossible to see them all at one visit. The best pictures are by the modern painters David, Horace Vernet, Ary Scheffer, Delacroix, Delaroche, Philippoteaux, and others.

Besides the chapel and the theatre, the ground floor of the north wing contains a vestibule and eleven rooms full of pictures representing historical events from the eighth to the eighteenth century ; the long Galerie des Tombeaux is filled with casts of sepulchres and other monuments. Here are also the five richly adorned saloons called the Salles des Croisades ; they contain some remarkable modern pictures of scenes connected with the Crusades. There are seven rooms of paintings in the north wing, called the Galerie de Constantine, and among them are fine battle-pieces by Horace Vernet ; there is also a sculpture gallery, and there are ten more rooms full of pictures relating to the early part of this century. Then come many more rooms filled with portraits, medals, and casts ; but the palace is so replete with all these so-called art treasures that it seems doubtful whether anyone ever had the courage and perseverance needed to do justice to them all.

The most interesting features of the great building



are its state apartments, and the living-rooms of the King and Queen ; the Salon de la Guerre ; the Salon de la Paix ; the Salle de l'Oeil de Bœuf, so named because of its oval window. This last was the ante-room to the bedchamber of Louis Quatorze, and the Suisse, or porter, who guarded its entrance door never left it ; his bed and other furniture were behind the large screen, against which he stood with his formidable halberd. Here assembled the courtiers who had the entrée of both the grand and the petit lever of the King, a privilege which some of them sighed for, sometimes more than two years before they obtained it.

On the night of the 6th October, 1789, the sentinel on duty, struck down at the door of the Queen's apartment, cried out to the ladies within, " Save the Queen ! " They had but just time to awaken Marie Antoinette, and then follow their half-dressed mistress across the Oeil de Bœuf to the King's chamber, where they all remained till Lafayette arrived from Paris in time to save the royal family from the fury of the starving mob.

The Galerie of Louis Quatorze, or des Glaces, is a sumptuous room ; it overlooks the gardens and fountains. It is very spacious, being 240 feet long, 35 feet wide, and 40 feet high ; there are in it seventeen large windows, and opposite the windows are an equal number of great mirrors ; it is richly decorated, and has many paintings by Lebrun. The ball given in 1855 to our Queen took place here, and in this Hall of Mirrors, January, 1871, the King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany. There is another splendid hall in the south wing filled with

battle-pieces and busts ; there is also a sculpture gallery. On the ground floor of this wing is the hall in which the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies meet when they sit together.

The extensive gardens were laid out for Louis XIV. by Lenôtre, the most famous landscape gardener of his time. They remain much as he left them, very stiff and formal in style ; they contain many statues, some of which are imitations of the antique, while others are the work of modern sculptors. The most noteworthy features of the gardens are the numerous sheets of water and the elaborate fountains, profusely decked with statues and other sculpture. There are the Grandes Eaux and the Petites Eaux ; from May till October the big fountains usually play on the first Sunday of each month, while the little fountains play Sundays and Thursdays, but the exact dates are announced in the newspapers. The small fountains begin to play about four o'clock, and the big ones at five o'clock. The Apollo Fountain and the Frog Fountain are both very remarkable. The Bassin de Neptune is the finest of all ; the display is both effective and beautiful. The water comes from Marly, a few miles to the north, near the Seine, where Louis Quatorze caused the most elaborate hydraulic machinery to be erected. The fine orangery is close to the palace, and except in summer-time, when they stand outside, it contains some 1,200 orange trees ; one of them is said to be nearly 500 years old. Not far from the orangery is the spacious piece of water called *Pièce d'Eau des Suisses*.

There is at the farther end of the gardens a large canal in the form of a cross, and nearly a mile long. North of this is the Grand Trianon, a house built by Louis Quatorze for Madame de Maintenon, in order that he might escape from the oppressive etiquette of the palace itself. Close by is Le Petit Trianon, built by Louis Quinze for Madame du Barri, so that he might avoid the restraints of the Great Trianon! Marie Antoinette loved the Little Trianon, and had it arranged to represent a miniature village, with a farmhouse, a parsonage, and a dairy, all in miniature; here she delighted to dress herself up as a shepherdess, with her ladies, and to fancy that she and they lived the life of the peasants without sharing any of their privations. She was sitting in the garden of her make-believe village, the Little Trianon, on that fatal day of October, 1789, when she was told that the Paris mob had arrived at the gates of the Palace of Versailles.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE CHÂTEAU AND FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU

OF all the expeditions within easy reach of Paris that to Fontainebleau is the most interesting. The town is about thirty-seven miles distant, in a southeasterly direction, and at a quarter-past nine in the

morning a capital train leaves Paris from the Gare de Lyon, on the Boulevard Diderot, not far from the Pont d'Austerlitz, and reaches Fontainebleau station rather before half-past ten o'clock. Much of the journey lies through varied country of considerable beauty.

On the way is Melun, an interesting old town finely placed on the Seine, and about nine miles from Fontainebleau. Soon after passing Melun the line runs into the splendid forest of Fontainebleau. At Bois-le-Roi, the station just before Fontainebleau, we saw, late in October, masses of roses in full bloom.

An electric tram took us swiftly from the station to the Palace of Fontainebleau, about a mile and a half distant. We first glided through part of the town, which looked clean and bright; it has good wide streets, and appears to be a healthy place. The town is modern, and contains no buildings of interest; there are upwards of 14,000 inhabitants, and several good-sized hotels, but they are expensive. There is a manufactory of porcelain and earthenware. Fontainebleau also deals in wine and grapes. The deliciously sweet white grapes are well known, and go to Paris and other places in France in great quantities; they do not appear to be grown to any great extent in Fontainebleau itself, but come from Thomery and other places a few miles off on the banks of the Seine.

Just on the outskirts of the town, to the southwest, stands the magnificent and world-famous château, which the pilgrim to Fontainebleau chiefly

goes to see. The exterior has no great architectural pretensions, but within this is perhaps the most splendidly adorned palace in France; the amount of money lavished upon it since the time of Francis I. must be prodigious.

The original château, or rather fortified manor-house, on this site is said to have been built by Robert II. (le Pieux) at the end of the tenth century. Louis VII., nearly two centuries later, appears to have added to the old house and used it as a hunting-lodge; after him Philip Augustus and Louis IX. (St. Louis) spent part of their time there. But Francis I. (1515-47) is responsible for the greater part of the present palace; he induced the Italian artist, Primaticcio, to design the plans and help in the painting of the walls. It is also said that Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini, and Andrea del Sarto had a hand in the adornment of some of the beautiful rooms. Under Henri II. the palace was much beautified, and in the time of Henri IV. a good deal was added to its structure. It was a favourite residence of many of the French sovereigns after Francis I., and several of them added to its splendour.

In the present century Napoleon I., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III., all spent large sums upon it.

Many interesting associations cling about the Palace of Fontainebleau and the still older château. Here were born Philip IV., Henri III., and Louis XIII. In 1539 Francis I. held his Court here, and entertained the Emperor Charles V. with great splendour as he passed through France. Francis

had been advised to imprison the Emperor in return for his own imprisonment by Charles in Madrid, some years previously ; but the generous King declined to take such an unfair advantage of his rival. During these festivities the Emperor gained the goodwill of the mercenary mistress of Francis, Madame d'Etampes, by dropping a ring of great value into the finger-bowl of perfumed water which she presented to him after a banquet.

In 1685 Louis XIV. signed at Fontainebleau the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a disastrous blow to the wealth and prosperity of France. The Grand Condé died in the palace in 1686. In 1814 Napoleon Bonaparte signed his abdication at Fontainebleau, and in the following year he marshalled his troops when he came back from Elba, before he went forth to his final overthrow at Waterloo.

The palace buildings are broken up into somewhat irregular shape. There are five great courts :— (1) The Court of the White Horse, so called because Catherine de Medicis placed in its centre a cast of the statue at Rome of Marcus Aurelius on horseback ; the statue is no longer here. This court is also called the Court of Adieux, because Bonaparte, after signing his abdication, here bade farewell to his devoted soldiers of the old guard. (2) The Fountain Court. (3) The Donjon, or Oval Court. (4) The Princes' Court. (5) Henri IV.'s Court, or the Court of Offices.

The principal court is that of the White Horse, which forms the general entrance to the palace from the town. A picturesque staircase, in the form of

a horseshoe, built by Lemercier in 1634, leads up from this court into the palace, where custodians show visitors over it.

We went first to the left, into the chapel of La Trinité, begun by Francis I., and not finished till the reign of Henri Quatre ; it has an elaborately painted ceiling. Napoleon III. was christened in this chapel.

Then we mounted to the first floor, and were shown the rooms once occupied by the First Napoleon. They are sumptuously furnished ; the room which contains his bed and its rich hangings has a remarkable chimney-piece. In another room is the small circular table on which Napoleon is said to have signed his abdication. The Salle du Conseil is richly adorned ; in the Salle du Trône is a beautiful rock-crystal chandelier. Some of the wainscotting here, of Louis Treize period, is very remarkable.

A little further on we came to the rooms occupied by Marie Antoinette ; they are splendidly furnished. The beautiful hangings in her bedroom were given to her by the people of Lyons on her marriage with the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI. The royal bridegroom is said to have made the window fastenings and locks with his own hands.

After this we came to the Diana Gallery, or library, a narrow room more than 250 feet in length, built during the reign of Henri IV. Its shelves are filled with many thousand volumes, and it is decorated with paintings by Pujol and Blondel. At the far end of it is a splendid Sèvres biscuit vase of great size. Below the library is the Galerie des Cerfs, no longer shown to the public ; it was in this gallery

that Christina, ex-Queen of Sweden, caused Monaldeschi, her chamberlain, to be assassinated during her residence at Fontainebleau as the guest of Louis XIV. The Grand Monarque seems to have expostulated with his sister sovereign, but he did not take any proceedings against her.

We passed through a series of rooms adorned with Gobelin and Flemish tapestry and paintings; then through several other rooms: among them was the rich Salle des Gardes; it has a remarkable chimney-piece, with a bust of Henri Quatre in its centre. Next we came to the truly magnificent Gallery of Henri II., also called the Salle des Fêtes. This was built in the time of Francis I., and the splendid decorations were finished under Henri II., the whole being well restored in the reign of Louis Philippe. It is a hall of grand proportions, with many fine wall paintings, chiefly mythological scenes by Primaticcio and Niccolo dell' Abbate. The ceiling, in walnut wood, is richly gilded and ornamented. The high oak wainscoting is also very fine; so is the chimney-piece, with its Doric entablature; the floor is in choice parquetry. Charming views of the grounds can be had from the windows of this, the finest apartment in the palace. It is not easy to imagine anything more splendid in regard to proportion and decoration. It is nearly 100 feet long, more than 30 feet wide, and very lofty; in many places, among the ornament, is the crescent of Diane de Poitiers, and D., the initial letter of her Christian name, combined with H. for Henri II.

Close by is the long gallery of Francis I., built in



1530; another splendid room, also with a very fine ceiling in walnut wood. The lower part of the walls is panelled, and on this panelling the F. of Francis alternates with his emblem of the Salamander. Above this is a series of fourteen paintings by Rosso Rossi. Between the pictures are sculptures, bas-reliefs, and carvings. As a whole, the grand room is full of beauty and warmth of colour, but it is not so sumptuous as the Salle des Fêtes, and the proportions are not nearly so fine.

There are many other richly furnished and decorated rooms; some of them have costly hangings and tapestries. The Galerie des Assiettes is curious, its walls being covered with china plates painted with views of various places.

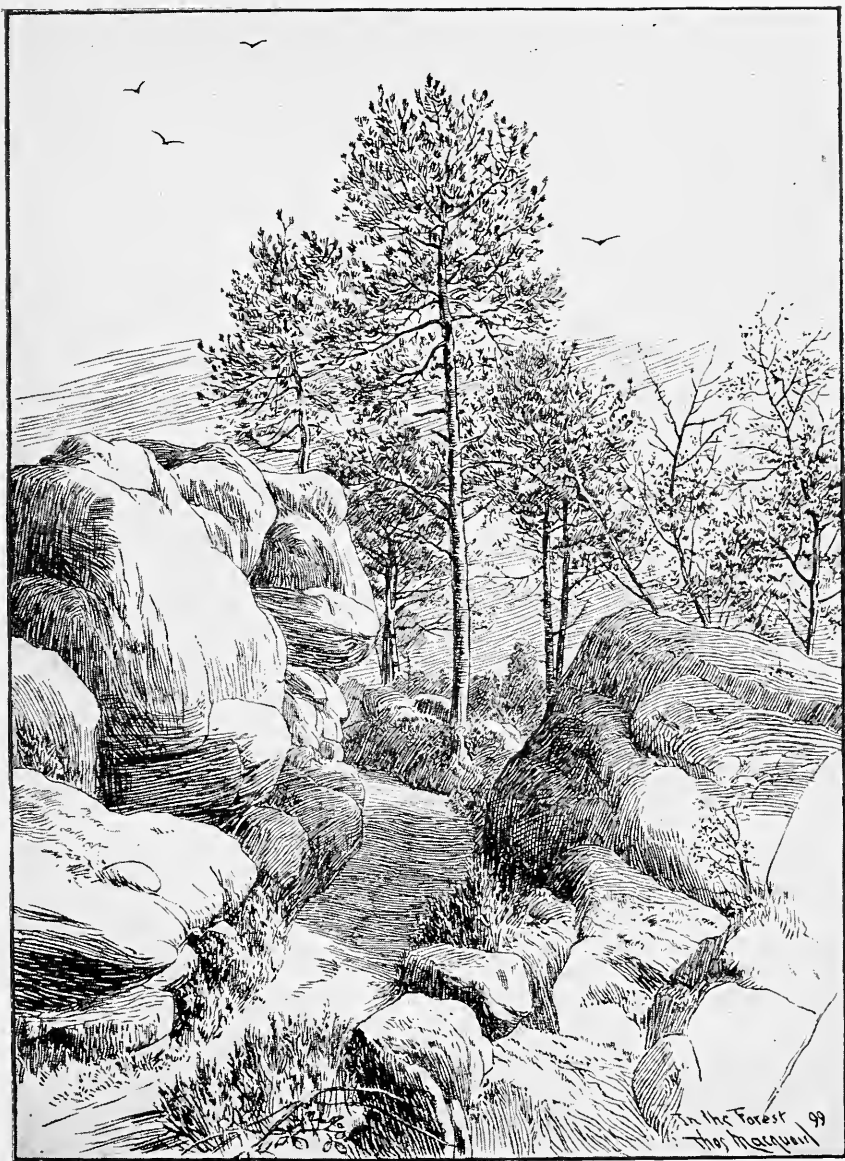
We came out of the palace in a sort of dream, bewildered with the beauty and splendour of the numerous apartments we had visited. Such a wealth of exquisite design and skilful execution, of warm colour and rich material, controlled by a supreme refinement of taste, can hardly elsewhere be found.

An archway to the right of the principal entrance leads into the Fountain Court, and near the pond, on the ground floor, some rooms have been given up to a museum of Chinese curios in china, bronze, enamel, gems, ivory, lacquer, weapons, etc. Many of the articles are choice, and of considerable value. The things have been collected in recent years.

The large pond close by has a pavilion in the middle. On the bank is a sort of terrace with stone balustrading, and on this visitors love to lean and watch the stir among the carp when they feed them.

Many of these carp are very large ; they have been famous for years, indeed, it is said for centuries. There is a local legend that some of these fish are contemporaries of Francis I. ! But though, doubtless, some of the finny monsters have lived quietly all through the fearful revolutions that have distracted France since the great one of 1789, in the days of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, even the most credulous of mortals will find it hard to believe that these same hoary carp frolicked and swam about in the time of the art-loving King, who died, it will be remembered, in 1547. To the north-west is a more formal garden, laid out in flower-beds, with a small square pond in the middle, and a round one at the further end. When we were there the square pond had been drained, and numbers of large fish were vigorously kicking about in the mud. Further on stretch the canal and great park.

The renowned Forest of Fontainebleau is about the most beautiful in France ; it is also one of the largest. It covers no less than 42,000 acres. In days gone by the forest abounded in all sorts of game. Deer and wild boar were especially plentiful, and stag and boar hunts were frequent here. The rocky glades must have been doubly picturesque, with these occasional apparitions of horsemen and hounds in full chase, especially in the time of Francis I. and his immediate successors, in the rich costume of the period. The sound of the horn and the chorus of the dogs must have wakened up to life the deep silence of the woods. Now there is hardly any game left ; the forest is rarely the scene



IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.



of a hunting party; the more beautiful glades are in summer-time frequented by tourists. For many years past French and also English landscape painters have haunted the grand old forest. They sleep and eat at Barbizon, on the north-west, or at Marlotte, south-east of the forest; but they seem to lead a sylvan life and spend their days under the trees or the shade of their white umbrellas, which are to be seen in the loveliest glades.

The forest completely surrounds the town; the rocks and ravines in the wilder parts have much varied beauty; the trees are chiefly oak, beech, and pine. In some parts the trees are young, of no great size, but many of the oaks and beeches are huge.

A favourite resort in the forest, and, of the wilder glades, about the nearest to the town, is called the Rochers et Gorges de Franchard; it is about three miles distant from the château. When you start from the château, you turn to the right; then to the left along the Rue de France, right across the town; then branch to the left along the Route de Milly. About a mile from the town a path leads off on the left, and the forest becomes wilder and more interesting; three-quarters of a mile or so further, and you come to a road called the Route Ronde, leading down from the Route de Milly.

A short distance on the other side of the Route Ronde is the Restaurant de Franchard, a chalet in the midst of trees, with tables out-of-doors. This is said to be the only restaurant in the forest. It is possible to have luncheon here, but not advisable;

the food is not very good, and the charges are high. The rocks and gorge of Franchard begin a few hundred yards beyond the restaurant. The gorge is a large hollow, strewn with masses of picturesque, lichen-covered boulders. There is much wild beauty hereabouts. To the north the land is open for some way without trees, but they soon close in, and nothing is visible but forest.

Other fine parts of the forest are the wild Gorges et Vallon d'Apremont—these are not far from Barbizon—and the Caverne des Brigands. North of the town are the Rocher St. Germain and the Vallée de la Solle; east of these, close to the boundary of the forest, is the Tour Denecourt. In clear weather, the view from this point is said to embrace Paris. In the south part of the forest, near Marlotte, are the Mare aux Fées and the Gorge aux Loups. You may walk for miles along the forest paths without meeting a soul; even on the roads there are very few people, and the silence is almost oppressive, but near the pine trees the atmosphere is delightful and invigorating.

Two French soldiers on horseback overtook us as we were walking along the Route de Milly, and civilly wished us good day. There was no one else in sight, and we were at least a mile from Fontainebleau, practically alone in the forest. It struck us as one more instance of the French provincial kindness we have, when travelling, so frequently met with. Of late the French, as a nation, have been often maligned in England, and it is time that this state of things ceased.

The beautiful Forest of Fontainebleau must exercise a strong fascination on those who dwell near it. The air feels pure and exhilarating, the varied excursions are full of absorbing interest, while the roads look first rate for cycling. It would take a long time to exhaust the rambles of this sylvan spot, for the forest is a network of roads and paths. There are vipers in some of the wilder glades, it is said, but we did not see any.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF 1900

A GREAT exhibition is no new thing in Paris. For more than a hundred years past, national, industrial, and universal exhibitions have been held in the vivacious city with more or less frequency. The first National French Industrial Exhibition took place in 1798, in the Champ de Mars, very soon after the end of the horrors of the Great Revolution. This exhibition was a small affair; the building was of wood, and was designed by François Chalgrin, the architect who, later on, designed the splendid Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile. At the first exhibition there were 100 exhibitors, among whom twelve gold medals were awarded.

It is long since we have had an International Exhibition in England, but for all that we can claim to have been the first to start the long series of

International Exhibitions with our Great Exhibition of 1851. This was held in a huge glass palace, designed by Joseph Paxton, and placed in Hyde Park, London.

The members of the Society of Arts were the original promoters of this great show. The Queen and the late lamented Prince Consort took the greatest possible interest in it, and the Prince gave a great deal of time to its organisation. As everyone knows, the vast glass building was re-erected with alterations at Sydenham, near London, and is known as the Crystal Palace. We have been told by many Parisians that "*le Palais de Crystal*," as they call it, is one of the things they most admire in England.

Other, but purely French, Industrial Exhibitions were held in Paris at the Louvre in 1801 and 1802; in the Place des Invalides in 1806; again in the Louvre in 1819, 1823, and during the reign of Charles X. In 1834 there was a National Exhibition in the Place de la Concorde; and in the Champs Elysées exhibitions were held in 1839, 1844, and 1849.

The next International Exhibition to that of Hyde Park was held in New York in 1853.

In 1855 the French held their first International Exhibition in the Champs Elysées. The Palais de l'Industrie (which has recently been destroyed to make room for two new Palais des Beaux Arts for the forthcoming Exhibition) was built to contain the bulk of the exhibits of 1855. The exhibitors numbered 23,954. Of these 11,986 came from France



and her colonies; 857 art and 1,589 industrial exhibits were sent by Great Britain. More than 5,000,000 people visited this exhibition. The French, since 1855, have held an International Exhibition in Paris every eleven years, except in 1867, when the interval was twelve years.

The second great International Exhibition of Paris was in 1867, in the Champ de Mars; there were 52,000 exhibitors, and 11,000,000 people went to see the exhibition.

The next Paris International Exhibition was on a much larger scale, in 1878. It was also held in the Champ de Mars, and on part of the Quai d'Orsay. The huge crescent-shaped palace of the Trocadéro was built for this exhibition, and its park was created; these still remain, and are incorporated, by the genius of Monsieur Alfred Picard, in the new mass of buildings. In 1878 there were 52,835 exhibitors and over 16,000,000 visitors; the show itself stretched over about 100 acres. Between 1862 and 1885 there have been several exhibitions in London. There have also been International Exhibitions in Vienna, in Philadelphia, in Amsterdam, and in Antwerp.

The last great Paris Exhibition was in 1889, and a wonderful show it was. It was held in the Champ de Mars, in the Trocadéro, and on the Quai d'Orsay; to these were added the Esplanade des Invalides and the Palais de l'Industrie. The principal new buildings constructed for the 1889 exhibition were the stupendous Eiffel Tower and the vast Galerie des Machines in the Champ de Mars. This exhibition

of 1889 opened just a century after the beginning of the terrible French Revolution ; it was in a way a commemoration of that fearful period. Among the exhibition buildings was an exact reproduction of the famous old Castle of the Bastille. At this 1889 show there were 55,486 exhibitors and nearly 26,000,000 visitors. It must have been difficult at certain times to lodge all of them within the city. But although this exhibition covered nearly 250 acres of ground, and was far more vast and wonderful than anything that had been previously seen, it was entirely surpassed in 1893 by the Chicago World's Fair ; and large as is the area reserved for the Paris Exhibition of 1900, it appears that it will not be so vast as that of the gigantic World's Fair at Chicago.

The French look a long way ahead. The exhibition of 1889 had hardly closed before the organisation of the arrangements for that of 1900 was put in motion. Monsieur Alfred Picard, the Commissioner-General of the forthcoming Exhibition, was appointed to report on the great exhibition of 1889, and the result of his investigations was published in ten volumes. Monsieur Picard was born at Strasburg in 1844 ; he is by profession an engineer, and has held many important posts. In 1870, during the war with Germany, Monsieur Picard helped to fortify Metz. In 1881 he became a member of the Conseil d'Etat, and he has presided over the departments of Public Works, Agriculture, and Commerce. He received a commission from the French Government to report as to a suitable site for the Exhibition of

1900, and he suggested that the site should consist of the Champ de Mars, the Trocadéro and its gardens, the Quai Débilly, the Quai d'Orsay, the Esplanade des Invalides, the Quai de la Conférence, the Cours la Reine, and that part of the Champs Elysées on which the Palais de l'Industrie formerly stood, and which forms a triangle, bounded by the Cours la Reine, the Avenue d'Antin, and the Avenue des Champs Elysées. A space is also reserved in the Bois de Vincennes for crowded-out exhibits, for auto-car and other such competitions; but the Bois de Vincennes is of course a long way off, on the other side of Paris, and will not probably attract many visitors. Monsieur Picard's appearance seems to assure one that the Exhibition will be a supreme success. His face is powerful and rugged, full of intelligence and of strong common sense; the mouth denotes a genial sense of humour. It is said that the Exhibition will open on the 15th of April, and will close on the 5th of November. Millions and millions of people will go to see it from all parts of the globe. In all its long history Paris will never have contained such a multitude, and it will be no easy matter to find a lodging, unless this is secured beforehand.

The Exhibition buildings are in a forward state of preparation, and they will probably be ready by the opening day, but the arrangement of the various exhibits may not be completed for some little time after the show has begun.

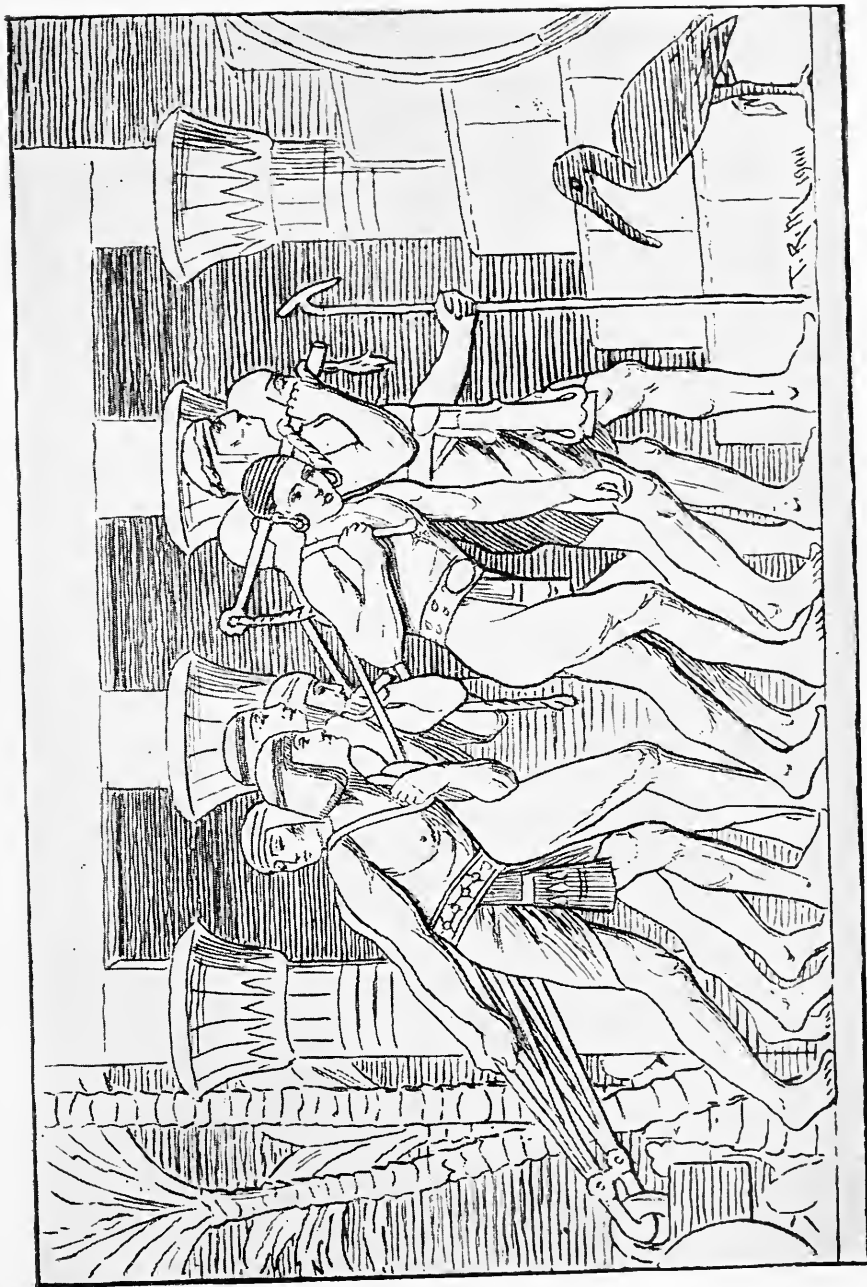
The Exhibition quarter is really one of the newest in Paris, the oldest buildings near, if we except the

Maison François Premier, being the imposing Hôtel des Invalides, with its splendid gilded dome, and the great Ecole Militaire, between the Invalides and the Champ de Mars. Nearly all the other surrounding buildings are of recent date.

There was a good deal of discussion before it was finally decided to take down the spacious Palais de l'Industrie, and to erect in its place two permanent Palaces des Beaux Arts; also to make a new and broad avenue, called Nicolas II., running from the Avenue des Champs Elysées between the two palaces to the fine new bridge Alexandre III., and thus to open a splendid vista right away from the Champs Elysées to the golden dome-crowned Invalides. The two palaces are named the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts and the Petit Palais des Beaux Arts.

The Salon, as the annual exhibition of the works of modern painters and sculptors is called, has of late years been split up into two divisions, and these have been respectively held in the Palais de l'Industrie and in the Palais des Arts Libéraux in the Champ de Mars. The horse show and other exhibitions were also held in the Palais de l'Industrie, but as both these buildings have been demolished, all the recent exhibitions have been held in the great Galerie des Machines in the Champ de Mars.

It is intended that the Avenue Nicolas II., the two Palais des Beaux Arts, and the Pont Alexandre III. shall remain as beautiful and permanent records of the Exhibition of 1900. It has been already said that the first stone of this bridge was laid by the



FRIEZE, GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS — THE ANCIENT WORKMEN.



present Czar when he visited Paris in state, October, 1896.

The Grand Palais des Beaux Arts is to be used, as the Palais de l'Industrie was, for the Salon, the horse show, and some other exhibitions; while it is intended that the Petit Palais des Beaux Arts shall be for exhibitions of the works of former masters of French art. The principal entrance to the Great Exhibition of 1900 is at the south-west corner of the Place de la Concorde, a grand Oriental-looking erection, called the Monumental Gate, rather over-gorgeous in colour, designed by Monsieur Binet. The low frieze beside this gate is very remarkable. It is called *Le Travail*, and it represents all kinds of labour in a long procession. This is the clever work of a young and almost unknown sculptor, Monsieur Anatole Guillot. The series of pay entrances at this gate alone is so ingeniously contrived that 60,000 persons will be able in the space of one hour to take their tickets and pass into the grounds of the Exhibition.

Having entered from the Place de la Concorde, we find ourselves on the Cours la Reine and on the Quai de la Conférence. On our left is the Seine, on our right the Petit Palais des Beaux Arts, designed by Monsieur Girault, the Avenue Nicolas II., and the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts, designed by Messieurs Deglane, Louvet, and Thomas. The frieze here is very fine. The handsome one-arched Pont Alexandre III., built by Messieurs Resal and Alby, on the left, leads to the Esplanade des Invalides, with its double row of Exhibition buildings with

the avenue between them, terminated by the grand old Invalides. The effect of this is very striking. We next come to the Pont des Invalides; beyond it, on the right, is the pavilion of the Ville de Paris, the palaces of Arboriculture, Horticulture, des Congr  s, and Social Economy. On the Quai d'Orsay, south bank of the Seine, are the pavilions of Foreign Powers, each built by its own nation—Italy, Turkey, United States, Austria, Portugal, Herzegovina, Peru, Bosnia, Hungary, Persia, Great Britain, Belgium, Luxembourg, Norway, Germany, Finland, Spain, Bulgaria, Monaco, Sweden, Greece, Roumania, Servia, and others. We reach the Pont de l'Alma, and here, on the right, are the fancy buildings called Old Paris. Here, too, are restaurants, the Trocad  ro gardens and palace, and the gardens containing pavilions for Colonial exhibits of Foreign Countries and other things. On the opposite bank of the river are buildings for Military, Naval, and Mercantile exhibits. When we come to the bridge d'I  na, we have the Trocad  ro Palace on the right, and the gigantic Eiffel Tower across the water on the left. Beyond the Pont d'I  na, on the right, are buildings for the exhibits of the French Colonies and Protectorates. On the quay across the river is the Forestry, Shooting, and Fishery pavilion.

The great Champ de Mars stretches out behind the Eiffel Tower, and there we find the chief mass of the Exhibition buildings. Two huge galleries, each about 1,800 feet in length, run along either side of the Champ de Mars, with an open space between them. At one end of this space or garden,



farthest from the Eiffel Tower, is the elaborate Palace of Electricity, a marvel of ornate and complicated construction. This will be one of the most attractive features of the Exhibition. The Château d'Eau is immediately in front of the Electrical Palace. There will be a wonderful show of cascades here. Behind this palace, at the far end of the Champ de Mars, is the old Galerie des Machines, in which is to be shown everything connected with Agriculture and with Food. The long side galleries in the Champ de Mars will contain, on the right of the open space as one walks away from the Eiffel Tower, exhibits connected with Literature, Art, and Science; Education and Teaching; Civil Engineering and Means of Transport; and Chemical Industries. On the left of the open space, in the other long gallery, will be exhibits connected with Mines and Metallurgy; Raw Materials, Fabrics, Clothing. In the gallery which connects these two will be an abundance of all kinds of Machinery.

There yet remain the fine buildings in the Esplanade des Invalides, which will be devoted to Decoration, Furniture, and Miscellaneous Industries.

Besides all the instructive and industrial exhibits, there will be no lack of amusing entertainment provided for visitors in the Exhibition precincts; in addition to all the countless things of this sort to be found in the city at large.

Great as is the space which is given up to this Exhibition, it appears that the amount of room allotted to Great Britain will be comparatively very small, and that we shall not be able to make a

representative show; but it is of course natural that France, "who pays the piper, should call the tune," and take the lion's share of space in which to exhibit her own industries. We appear to be as well off as the other nations, so far as space is concerned. Germany is to send exhibits for the first time since the Franco-German War of 1870-1, and perhaps special allowance in the way of space, and other matters, may reasonably be given to her, especially as the Emperor William seems to intend to visit the Exhibition.

It appears that the exhibits of foreign nations will not be, as heretofore, confined to separate sections, but will be mixed with those of the French; that is to say, that a building, in many cases, will contain exhibits of which half will be French, and the remaining half a mixture of exhibits from other nations.

But whatever may be done, so far as this nation and others are concerned, there is no doubt that the Exhibition of 1900 will be a wonderful sight; it will be full of interesting revelations of the astounding progress and discoveries of the last eleven years, and it will certainly be as beautiful in taste and arrangement as our clever, light-hearted, and affable neighbours can make **it**.

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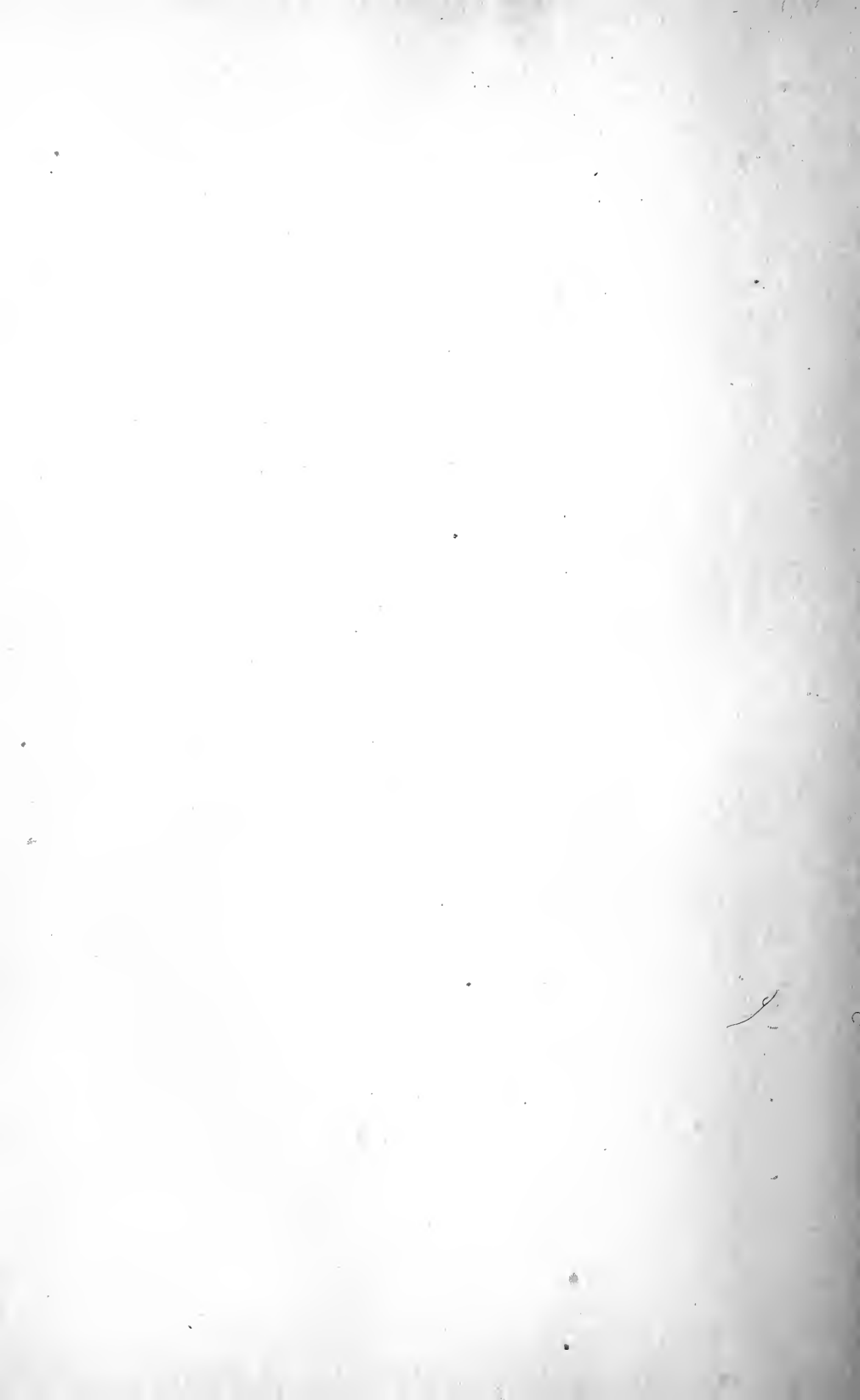
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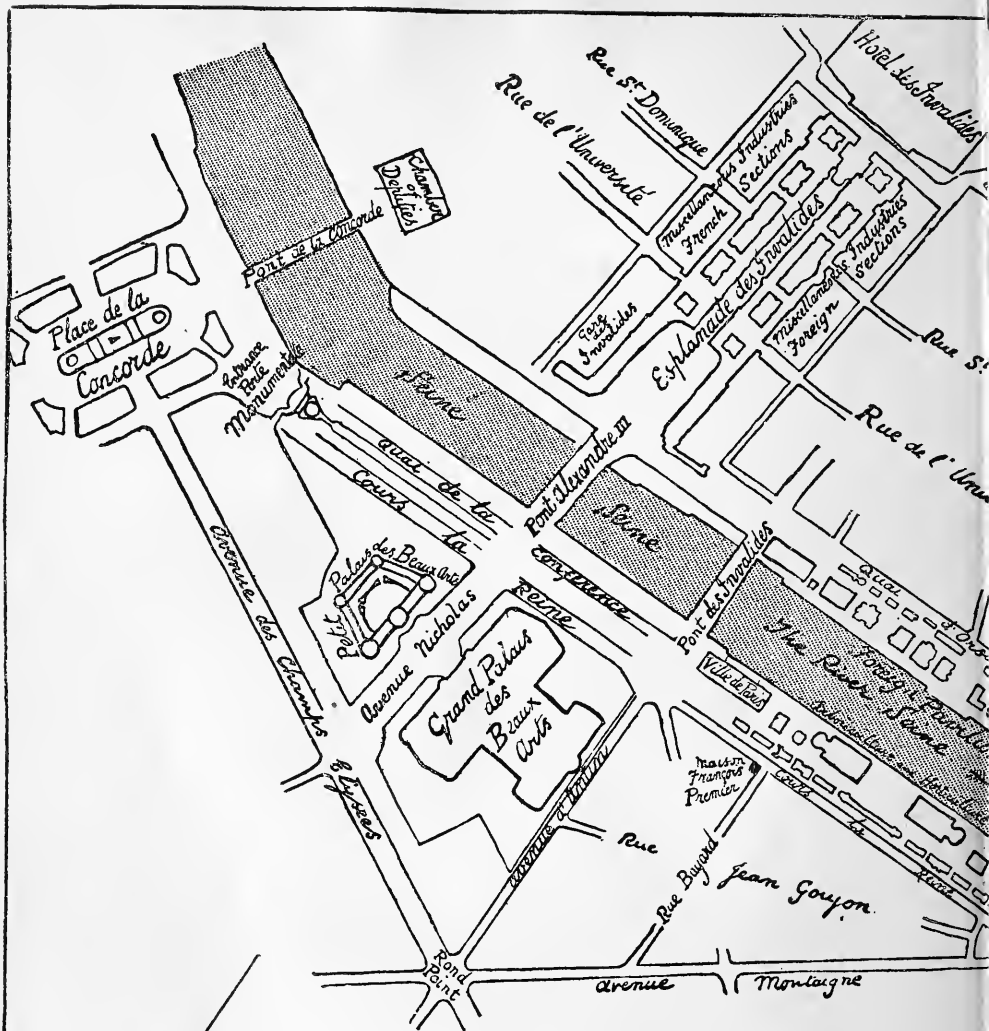
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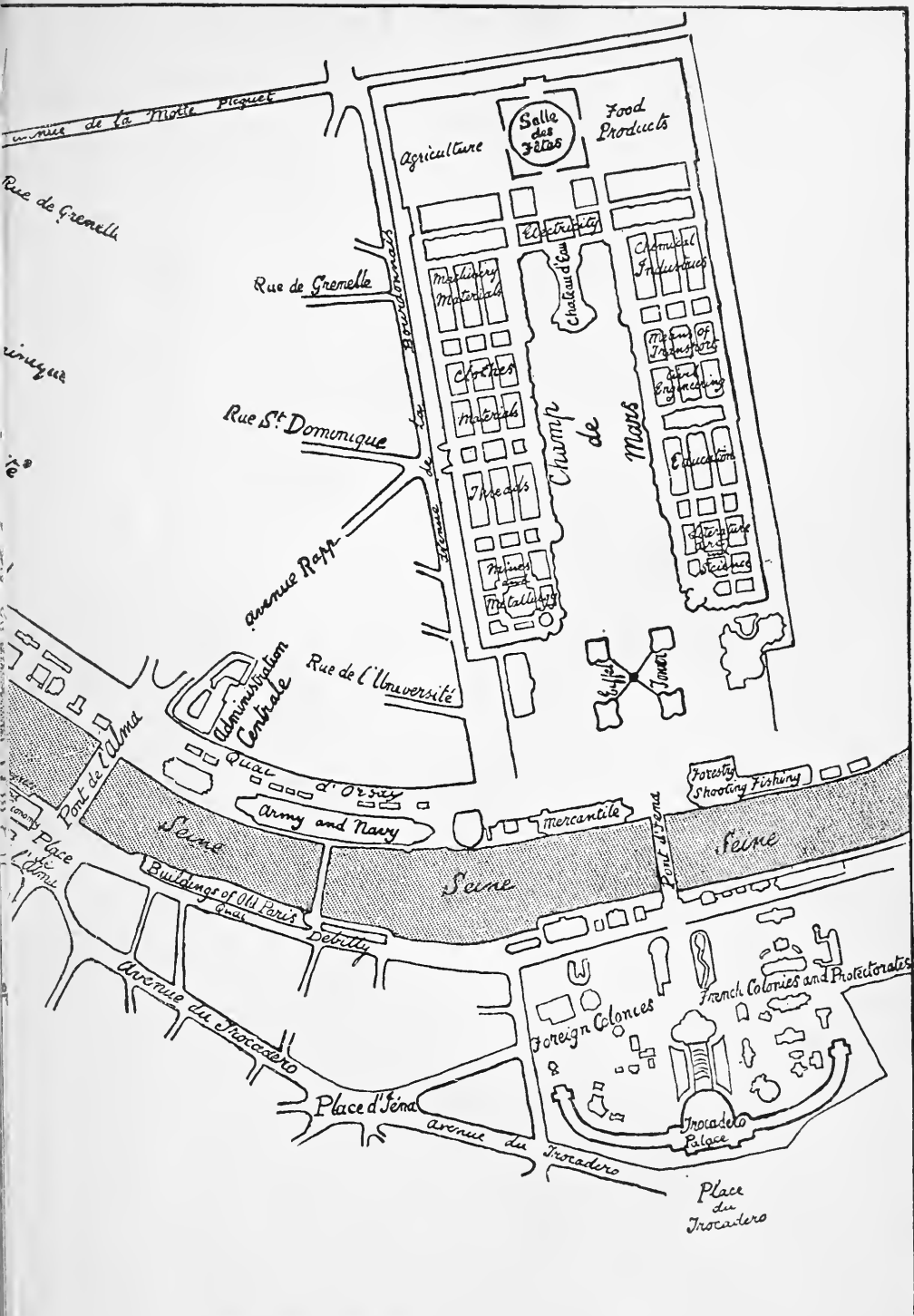








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